The
COMMONWEAL
A Weekly Review of Literature the Arts and Public Affairs
FOUNDED BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

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Week by Week

THE DEMOCRATS won the election. The Republicans did much better than in recent elections; in fact, they did so well they changed the whole political picture. Third parties did less well than they have recently been doing, except in Connecticut. These are facts, and it seems almost as certain that the elections meant that "conservatism" is stronger. The interpretation given this supposition by elected and appointed officials during the next two years will be the most important factor in our politics. There is no clear application of this limited conservative change to any major issue. The most important issue is that of peace or war and its corollary, armament. The voters gave no mandate on this issue. The country is not divided from right to left on imperialism, and few voters have considered what defense means. The changes in the Middle West give a mandate, perhaps, for keeping the farm question open, but it is fundamentally a mandate for admitting that agricultural prices are down. Everybody knows the farmers didn't vote against benefits. It is difficult to judge the relative conservatism of the farm law and the proposed alternates, such as domestic allotment with foreign dumping, and plain price fixing, but it might well seem that the present approach is the more conservative.

Too Soon to Say

IT IS impossible to apply the results even to the labor problem. Election facts, such as the enormous victory of Senator Wagner paired with the defeat of Governor Murphy, the defeat of the California labor-repression initiative, the strong showing of Socialist Mayor McLevy, the care of most Republicans who won to dissociate themselves from Old Guardism, confuse the issue. Then, how can we know to what extent the electorate was taking at their word the more rabid anti-New Deal campaigners, and was simply repudiating all this alleged communism? There is a lot of conservatism, progressivism and radicalism this side of soviets, and the voters did not pick their spots. The complex problem of social security was not settled—no ham and eggs perhaps, but no candidate attacked present social security tendencies or dared express the notion that a trend should start away from state and federal support of the young, the unemployed, the old and the sick. The obvious application of conservatism to social security should be checked by the results of the New York amendment vote, the Texas and California endorsement of proponents of most liberal security-givers, and the general vitality of the Townsend idea, even in Maine. The limits of a more conservative attitude toward the railroads are excessively elastic, and hardly anything, in any case, could be more conservative than the position toward the roads assumed up to this point by the New Deal administration. Any idea at all about railroads would be revolutionary. Reorganization of the executive branch of the federal government will likely be hampered if those elected attempt to apply increasing *ad hoc* conservatism, but the conservatism of the present set-up is not necessarily conservative from a broader angle of approach.

THE SAME sort of paradox can easily arise around the monopoly issue. Is it conservative to permit business centralization to bear its fruit unhindered? How radical is it to try to distribute property and economic power? Conservatism might well be taken to mean—let business centralization keep on growing, and at the same time check the activities and regulatory powers of the central government. In fiscal matters conservatism is a hard line to take. Are taxes or loans more conservative? What expenses is it more con-

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servative to cut? Probably the social expenditures, but the electorate did not by any means repudiate them, and what effect would such a course have on the stock market? The election, in short, gave no specific mandates, and perhaps the one legitimate general conclusion to draw—that there was a perceptible trend toward "conservatism"—is impossible to apply with confidence to the actual issues expected to be faced by state and federal politicians in the near future. One negative result of the election furnishes a genuine cause for rejoicing. The "religious issue" which reared its un-Christian and un-American and thoroughly ugly head (at least in the press) toward the end of the campaign, did not take. A Jew won in Kansas, a Catholic in Maryland. The racial and religious patterns of the New York slates and the forces working for and against the "school bus amendment" did not dissolve in bigotry. Let us make certain that that ominous flurry will not rise later to a real storm.

True Liberalism's Truest Hero

IN AN age that sees so much being lost, it is well to record anything that is clearly being gained. One such gain we think to be indisputable: the gradual relinquishment of certain unscrutinized assumptions about the Church's relation to human rights. An entrenched commonplace of error has for too long held to the idea that Catholicism naturally favors coercion and helotry. In so far as this has been held in good faith, it is probably traceable to the Church's careful balance, her timeless moderateness of action. Even so, there is little excuse for it in a literate age possessing the means of disabusing itself; privy to history, on so many pages of which is the testimony that the human person, as we know it, was specifically created by the Church; that whatever have been the accidental features of the development of the rights of man, their roots are demonstrably struck in that concept of the worth of man which draws its being from Catholicity. Wilful or not, this ignorance is passing; and aside from the reigning Pontiff himself, probably no great Catholic figure of our times has had more to do with its passing than Michael Cardinal von Faulhaber. Time and again, with imperturbable firmness and charity, he has reminded men and governments of the liberating law of Christ, of the rights it confers on all, the duties it imposes. The gratitude of the Jews for his high Christian championship of them has been touchingly recorded. He has just spoken again to his flock, once more clearly reminding them that "while the Church insists upon loyalty to the proper secular authorities," it must forever defend "the God-given rights of personality." He is not speaking politically; but it is certain that in him true liberalism will recognize one of its truest heroes. The rumor is now current that the Cardinal is in "protective custody."

No Room at the Inn

IN ROUSSEAU'S ideal state, the general will is absolute and always right; if any individual should be mulish enough to refuse to accept its dictates, he is to be exiled. But where is he to go? Other states are to be warned against him, for his perversity. Once more the pervasiveness of Rousseauism is made manifest: the contemporary state casts its non-conformists out, even those whose protestantism consists merely in their parentage, not in their wills, though of course the rebel on principle is the worse offender. And the ranks of the exiles continue to swell, with no refuge available in all the world for most of them. Germany will not let Polish Jews continue in residence; Poland doesn't want them back. What remains of Czechoslovakia has somewhere between a quarter and a half a million people who have fled their homes in what were once Czech lands, and of these a mere tenth are Jews. Italy generously exempts 3,500 out of her 15,000 Jewish families from her racial laws. Add to all this the refugees from Germany proper, from Spain, from Bolshevik Russia, from what was Austria, and the problem becomes completely staggering. For no one wants these people. It is proposed to make a new Palestine of Lower California. At once Mexico restricts Jewish immigration with a decree forcing those few select young men who are allowed entrance to marry Indians. England is alarmed at the tripling of her alien labor permits in ten years. France is doing her best to close her frontiers to all who may have to seek work and batting about those exiles already within her borders in a game of political baseball. We take only such as can enter under the quota. The Refugee Economic Corporation admits it has bought a farm for Jews in Central America, but will not divulge in what country, for fear of political reactions. It is all a madhouse. Yet the refugees must and will go somewhere. And they will go without status, to create an illegal, debased labor market, to create in an embittered world a well of further embitterment.

Housing—Homes and Hopes

REPORTING on the latest batch of agreements signed with local housing authorities, Administrator Nathan Straus declared that one-third of the $800,000,000 provided for USHA loans had actually been allotted and 40 percent more already earmarked. Some 52,951 family homes for 211,000 human beings now living in the slums are already on the way. Heartening as this is to those concerned, it is still pitifully inadequate if the totality of the nation's poorly housed third is considered. But the recent

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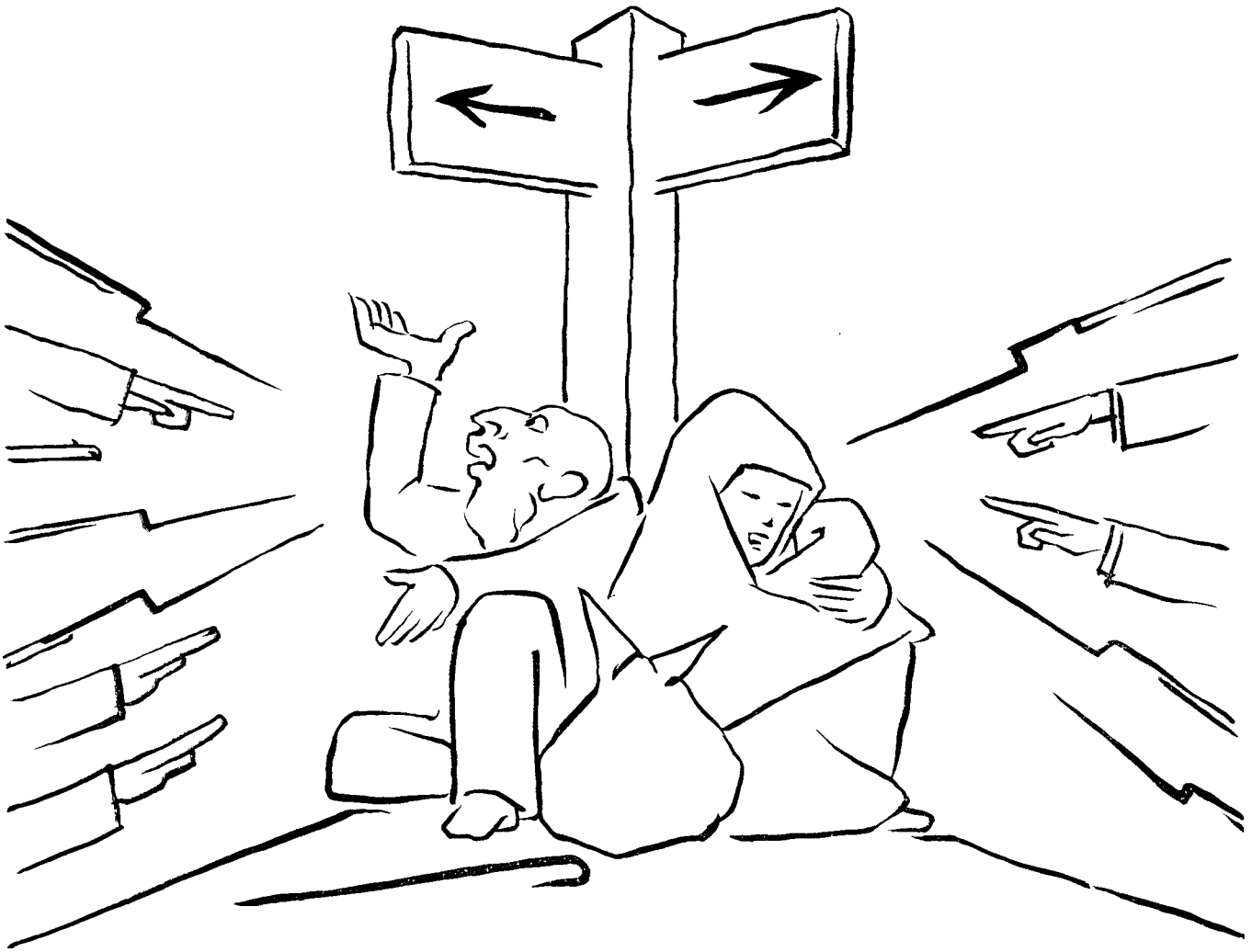
REFUGEES WITHOUT REFUGE



The Cross at the Cross-roads

ingenuity and enterprise displayed by various housers is more encouraging. In Baltimore the city housing authority and the HOLC have fixed on an area of 50 blocks containing 1,600 homes for a new attack on the problem of reviving the building trades. One hundred supervised investigators, many of them from the WPA, will spend three months going over these homes inside and out. Study of their findings will result in specific recommendations to home owners for improving their properties at the lowest possible cost.

THE PRESIDENT himself proposed new efforts in a building field not yet attacked by public agencies, the FHA financing private homes of families of moderate means, the USHA of those who can afford no more than $5 a room for rent. Some experts believe that projects providing dwelling units with rentals of $5 to $10 a room would attract "billions of dollars of private capital now idle." With money in circulation mysteriously greater than at any time since 1929—and much of it apparently in hoarding—this is an element to consider. What this would mean in useful employment is indicated by the fact that the limited efforts of the USHA to date will account for the employment of 300,000 men for a full year. An interesting suggestion on this new type of white-collar housing is that such developments be free from direct municipal taxes and amortized by the town in commuted taxes in such a way that the bondholders would be paid off and the town would own the houses outright after twenty-eight years.

America's Unrecorded Heritage

ONE OF the least known and least heralded and best of WPA activities has been the setting to work of trained men and women on research calculated to preserve for the future disappearing parts of our cultural heritage, research far too ramified and minute to be possible for any privately supported enterprise. Thus there has been created a great index of American design, based upon the crafts of the past

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and making available to students some knowledge of the fine tradition of design associated with those crafts. A series of architectural measured drawings and descriptions of old buildings, many of which time or progress will destroy and which would in that case soon have been forgotten, has also been undertaken. Now comes the announcement of a systematic collection of folklore—songs, legends, superstitions, folk-poetry, folk-science—material which by its very nature easily dies with those who know it. Much has already been accomplished by individual folklorists and universities to preserve such material in certain conspicuous regions, such as the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee, the upper Mississippi valley, and New Orleans. But only the surface has been scratched. Such make-work programs can better be described as doing work that had needed doing, but that no one hitherto has been able to undertake.

Research with the Spade

THERE is at least a certain completeness and consistency about the Bacon-Shakespeare episode just concluded in Westminster Abbey. Spenser, luckless "Prince of Poets" in life, is broken in upon in death in the course of a controversy which does not even concern him. Shakespeare, whose uncompanioned greatness has left such incredibly rich testimony of itself, and whose personal history has left so little, continues to keep his own counsel. Against the recorded statement that he cast into Spenser's grave an elegiac poem, now simply stands the fact that no poem has been found. By not even so much as a line of verse in his own hand has the enigmatic smallness of our knowledge of him been extended. And, finally, the Baconians themselves still are Baconians. They said that this was Spenser's grave, and if they could open it, it would prove they were right. They have opened it, and it has not proved they were right. Now they say it was not Spenser's grave. And, one feels, even if by their proposed test it had proved them wrong, they still would be Baconians. For there is probably no category of proof known to man which will convince a Baconian. Their ground thesis—that a half-educated actor could not have written the works of mighty genius imputed from the beginning to Shakespeare—is unsound in itself, and doubly unsound *a fortiori:* since the larger miracle of the genius existing at all dwarfs the smaller one of its existing in a half-educated actor. But it is a thesis that bites deep. It has produced the serious assumption that in Elizabethan times an open secret to the effect that someone else wrote Shakespeare was not shared by the age's most widely acquainted man of letters, Ben Jonson. It has fathered the conception that Bacon wrote Shakespeare; that Bacon wrote Nashe; that Bacon wrote Spenser; that Bacon wrote Puttenham; that Bacon wrote Marlowe; that Bacon wrote "Euphues" and "The Anatomy of Melancholy"; that Bacon wrote Montaigne. It has ramified into the certainty, variously, that Rutland wrote Shakespeare; that Derby wrote Shakespeare; that Oxford wrote Shakespeare. It is not probable that any set of reasons will lead it to the belief that Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare.

"Hit the Nigger in the Eye . . ."

AMUSING news comes from Honolulu in the form of a protest from the German consul there against a new form of an old sport. In place of a taunting, live colored man, the promoters of St. Catherine's Church Fair have announced that patrons may, for a consideration, fling baseballs at wooden images of Hitler, Stalin and Mussolini, the implication being that if they are skilful enough to hit their targets they will win the modern equivalent of a "big cigar." The idea is amusing enough, and one can imagine that in the event it will increase the good spirits of those participating by giving plenty of opportunity for remarks which will seem most witty—on the occasion, if not the morning after. But one has a reservation. No one could possibly suggest that the older game was motivated by or led to race hatred, although it certainly did go as a concomitant of an assumption of racial superiority. But then the living Negro target was, to participants, not an individual, but just another "black Sambo." Can as much be said of the very personal images which Hawaiians are to be given a chance to hit? It does come a little close to condemning men rather than principles. Yet there is also such a thing as catharsis; and if pent-up emotion against Europe's dictators can be a little purged through the physical release of shying a baseball at their eidolons, perhaps the new game is not such a bad idea. It is to be noted that the Italian consul plans to ignore the whole affair. Is the Rome-Berlin axis perhaps weakening?

THE GOOD wishes of THE COMMONWEAL go with John Brubaker, who after two and a half years as advertising manager has resigned to accept a position with Joseph F. Wagner, Inc. At the same time we welcome his successor, James F. Fallon, who comes to THE COMMONWEAL after a brief period with the Associated Press and a number of years with P. J. Kenedy and Sons.

Last week in an editorial discussing the proposed government health plan, the following sentence was printed: "This may mean that objectives *unapproachable* by gradual, directed, local effort, with some government aid, will be approached on a vast, untried front, by central control. . . ." The "unapproachable" was a misprint; it was supposed to have been *approachable*.

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Is This a Different World?

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

THE LETTERS on the sign painted at Munich are a little clearer now, and they read: an immediate future dominated by new imperialistic ambitions. I take those ambitions to have, in the main, three objectives. The political and economic map of Europe east of Germany is to be revamped, and many (perhaps all) the states formed at the close of the war are to be absorbed, welded together or reduced to a condition of vassalage. China's nationalist movement is to be crushed, with a resultant new division of the spoils under Japanese leadership. There is to be a redistribution of lands in the Mediterranean, with France a possible target once the Spanish issue is settled.

It is hardly necessary to suggest that if these ambitions were gratified, the balance of power in the world would be wholly different from what it is even now. The solidarity of the German-Japanese-Italian bloc does not in itself possess the virtues of steel and concrete; but during the next quarter of a century it may well prove more coherent than the British Empire of today, inside which conflicting interests often serve to excuse the weak and vacillating policies of a government that subordinates all else to the defense of a newly won, always jeopardized, supremacy in a banking world where every check is a gamble. And though the French Empire is a strong, intelligently guarded entity, everyone must reckon with inner structural weaknesses (of population, social upheaval and finance) which may at any moment endanger its defenses.

What does this mean to the United States? For the first time since the Civil War, when British sympathy for the South and an imperialist adventure in Mexico created grave problems, the nation faces a possible threat to its most vital interests. This is remote, cloudy, difficult to phrase in terms that will startle the citizen. But it is there. Now as in 1863, no alien fleet is planning to sail up the Hudson or the Mississippi. The issue is solely America's position in the world — its economic, political, ideological influence.

Now the American people are in a curious state of mind. Given, as a result of the peace of 1919, a dominant position in world society which would seemingly have enabled them to realize at least some of their professed idealism concerning the structure of that society, they have persistently refused to act, on the ground that becoming involved in problems outside the nation's territorial limits might lead to a new war. This decision was strengthened by deep-seated prejudices. Millions feared what they termed "taking England's chestnuts out of the fire." Other millions nursed an atavistic antipathy to French points of view. "King George" was a symbol on which the soapbox could always rely. And just when the tide had run the other way, Mr. Chamberlain went to Munich and made things normal again.

But this same American people are at present engaged in rearming on a grand scale. Many do not like it. They have heard too much about the arms racket and the psychology of war to feel very sure that peace lies hidden in a shipment of new cannon. And yet the arguments on the other side are so strong that none of us can ignore them. What are they? I think, to begin with, that nobody really believes the way to defend the United States is to fight when the harbor of New York is bombed. In the first place that would be catastrophe enough, regardless of whether Kokomo, Indiana, subsequently succumbed. Secondly, there is hardly any likelihood that any such bombing expedition will occur. What the thesis implies is that since nobody will try to march a foreign army up Fifth Avenue, there will be no war.

Let us suppose the nation actually adopted that policy and assented to a loss of its goods and influence in all parts of the world. Grant that South America itself, owing to our unwillingness to defend the Monroe Doctrine, became a network of colonies dependent on European and Asiatic powers. Assume that every time an American ship or citizen ventured out into the world at large, any thought of insurance would have to be abandoned. And let us imagine finally that all the desiderata of American political idealism were restricted to this country alone, where they could be mentioned during intervals between foreign minority demonstrations. The consequences would be so far-reaching, cataclysmic and bitter that the next generation would sweep all pacifists into a heap and embark on an ultra-nationalist policy. That prediction is easy to make because it is based upon one of the very few inexorable historical laws.

Accordingly it is difficult not to conclude that rearmament is a salutary symbol of awareness of historical continuity and of ability to see things as they are. One cannot believe that the new world of 1938 will respect the rights of the weak, and there are good reasons why, for the sake of our own national sanity, we should prefer to be strong. Common sense is the arbiter, the only possible arbiter, in such matters. I have seen Europe sway from violent pacifistic emotions to equally violent militaristic emotions. Everybody must hope that

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for the sake of ourselves and of mankind we can keep to a middle course over here. Still one may add that a greatly strengthened national army would in itself be a dangerous experiment. It would be far better if, with federal aid, the states maintained standing units of the National Guard.

The genuinely important matter, however, is not rearmament at all. It is a solution of the problem of what we really want our foreign policy to be. If the present world is one wherein every treaty is a scrap of paper, every weak state fair booty and every promise a stratagem, surely we cannot dodge our share of the responsibility. Since 1919 it was always evident that the nation did have important interests abroad which it wanted to conserve — interests not political and economic merely, but also legal, since without order monetary and commercial commitments are valueless. On the other hand the national government itself made capital out of the prevalent isolationist feeling, and thus undermined its own powers. Under the circumstances one is surprised at the tenacity and intelligence of the State Department, though under the Harding administration even it was seriously muddled. Participation in international conferences did compensate to some extent for failure to revamp the League of Nations. An American jurist did sit on the World Court bench. The Monroe Doctrine was adroitly reaffirmed, with implications of sovereign importance.

But though one admires the work of the department itself, the results of the gap between popular sentiment and practical policy are now evident. The nation has lost sums of money so huge that the war debts are insignificant by comparison. The processes of international marketing have been so seriously undermined that one citizen out of ten remains unemployed. Far greater than all that, however, is the disappearance of even a relative orderliness in international conduct. The law of the jungle is in force not merely for down-trodden minorities but even for the citizens of great states. Nobody can estimate the world's daily losses in terms of dollars, or cultural values, or human life. Of course this critique does not mean ignoring the mistakes made by other governments. The colossal blunders of which Great Britain, Russia, France and Germany have been guilty may even make our errors seem venial. The fact still remains that vital interests have been squandered, often supinely and unheedingly, and that human existence grows more unsettled every day.

SINCE the major cause of our own failure was the dissonance between sentiment and policy, the existing neutrality legislation was designed to assure greater freedom of action for the government. The idea was that by promising to abstain from acts likely to plunge the country into war, the White House would obtain permission to walk around the international block. But the failure of the neutrality laws to serve any reasonable purpose is evident. If it is true, for example, that the State Department was unable to prevent the sale to Japan of oil without which the war in China could not be conducted, and that then as a consequence of that war Mr. Roosevelt had to go in for rearmament, it is pretty obvious that something has gone wrong. Despite all the dozen big reasons advanced for disliking Japanese aggression in China, our system for keeping out of entanglements has helped the side we didn't want to help without keeping the danger of war from creeping a few miles closer.

It seems to me, as a possibly mistaken private citizen, that the desired result would have been far more easily and speedily attained if Congress had ruled, if necessary by constitutional amendment, that there could be no conscription for military service outside the territorial limits of the United States and its dependencies. For a good half of our inertness is resentment by a "citizen army" of what it was called upon to do in 1917, and the other half is fear lest a similar demand again call men from their benches and farms. The conscription act was Mr. Wilson's greatest blunder, but it seems an equally great mistake not to remove the threat of repetition. It would then be clear to possible allies or foes that the United States had a military program. But above all it would permit, subject to congressional control, some development of international action in the diplomatic field. A good two-thirds of current opposition might in time disappear.

However that may be, the first line of defense is still the State Department, and a more intelligent concern with its problems is a national duty. Most Americans who have worked abroad will admit that the nation's consular and diplomatic representatives are surprisingly able in view of the handicaps under which they operate. These handicaps are in the main three. There is a great shortage of money, with the result that hard times have created for many the gravest financial difficulties while the service suffers in other important ways. There is also a dearth of opportunity; and though few believe that the custom of appointing ambassadors from civilian life should be abandoned entirely, it would certainly be to the advantage of the service and the nation to create more opportunities for career men. Finally, all American government activities have a tendency to get enmeshed in acres of red tape. If there is now going to be vigorous action to improve the nation's defenses, the time would seem ripe to give American diplomacy some of the things it has long needed.

Regardless of one's attitude toward this, that

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or any other power, nobody wants any more military crusades. Peoples do not improve because they are beaten in battle. But what we do all of us very much want is a code of international decency disregard for which will be costly. Other weapons remain for a nation as powerful as ours than the speeding of ships and the crash of bombs. We have not yet developed the technique of using them advantageously. Mr. Hull's trade agreement efforts, for example, may sometimes look a bit like seasickness remedies, but they and other measures can be put forward effectively, in a negative as well as a positive sense, if the nation will only make up its mind that these are parlous times in which it pays to find competent leadership and then trust it.

Marx and the Middle Class

By HARRY SPENCER

THE WORD, "revolution," unlike most words, has come in this country to have an increasingly narrow meaning. This is caused in large measure by the current identity between the concepts of communism and revolution. A revolutionary reorganization of the existing system can still differ both in tactics and in fundamental principles from the revolution of the Marxists. Such a revolution along democratic lines could constitute a genuine revolution without entailing the destruction of private property nor interference with the right of the individual to maintain and express his own political and religious beliefs. In the opinion of the writer the moral degeneration existing today in Soviet Russia proves that, considering simply the natural sphere, there is no real substitute for religion in the field of human relationships. It should also be noted that the term revolution is not necessarily synonymous with civil war. Indeed, it may be proven that the two are diametrically opposed: for the lofty ideals upon which all revolutions must of necessity be based will always be destroyed in the murder and destruction that constitute a civil war.

But before any work can begin in the construction of a new revolutionary movement, it is necessary to reexamine and reveal the futility of "the revolution" based upon socialistic principles. There appear to be three main elements in the preliminary problem not yet sufficiently stressed, to which, of course, one can only draw attention in an article of this dimension: Is the class of the propertyless growing in the manner Marx predicted? To what extent does the question of property submerge other considerations in the formation of classes, especially among white collar workers? Does the approach of the proletarian class to the middle class, or of the bourgeoisie to the proletariat, appreciably affect class alignment?

It seems to me that Marx's theory of monopoly capitalism has been separated from its historical significance and is today regarded as being primarily a prediction depicting the technical aspects of capitalist development. But Marx was not so much interested in the existence of monopolies as he was in the class alignments which he supposed would result from them. The growth of monopolies was important primarily because they were supposed to lay the foundation for a successful proletarian revolution. When Marx wrote the Communist Manifesto in 1848, the industrial proletariat, upon whom he depended to put his ideas into practise, constituted only a minority of the population. Even in the cities, the petty-bourgeois, the small producer, constituted the dominant section of the population. But Marx saw that the growth of monopolies would eventually eliminate this class and drive it into the ranks of the proletariat. Thus the historical function of monopoly capitalism was that it strengthened the ranks of the proletarian and socialist elements and weakened the forces seeking to maintain the institutions of private property.

Now in judging the correctness of Marx's theory it is necessary to take this into account, for if monopolies can arise without the corresponding class relations that Marx expected then there must be something wrong with the theory itself. No one can deny that modern industry is extensively monopolized; but no one can deny that the middle class is still very much with us. The bald fact is that after ninety years of predicting the impending demise of the middle class, the middle class is still far from elimination. One has only to look at Germany and Italy to recognize what a potent political factor this class still is. How can we account for such a situation? The answer is very simple. The modern middle class is not the middle class of 1848. The Marxian middle class has indeed been eliminated to a large extent, but capitalism has thrown up other elements which stand just as greatly opposed to elimination of private property. It is these relatively new elements which today constitute what we called the middle class.

MARX'S theory, stated briefly, is that the forces of competition would eliminate the smaller and weaker producer. This concentration of production would be accompanied by a corresponding concentration of capital, and the num-

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ber of capitalists would progressively decline until society consisted of two classes, a handful of capitalists and an overwhelming mass of proletarians. Now the essence of Marx's theory lies in the fact that the growth of monopolies was to occur through the method of competitive elimination. It is only under such conditions that the concentration of production is accompanied by the concentration of capital, and it is this latter process that is necessary if the decline in the number of capitalists is to take place. When, for example, monopolies arise through the methods of merger or financial consolidation through trusts and holding companies, there is no corresponding concentration of capital and no decrease in the number of capitalists.

Now if the reader will take the trouble of examining the actual origin of the various monopolies (space is too short here) he will find that practically all of our monopolies arose through this second method and that very few have arisen through the method of competitive elimination. Such giants as United States Steel, General Motors, General Electric and International Telephone and Telegraph arose either as the result of a merger or through financial consolidation. The Standard Oil Company finally came about as the result of a merger of thirty different oil companies. I think that Ford is the only real exception in the United States and even he has been forced to use borrowed money. It is as the result of this process that the modern class of stock- and bond-holders has arisen.

But Marx made a second error. To him the middle class was confined to the small producer, and when he spoke of the petty-bourgeoisie he always referred to that section of the population. (In this article I am purposely omitting any reference to farmers.) Today when we speak of the middle class we take in a much broader section of the population. Specifically we include the entire managerial personnel of industry as well as the professional class of doctors, lawyers, writers, etc. To this I would also add the clergy and the personnel of the state apparatus. This last element should not be underestimated, for with the constant development of militarism and state capitalism, the governmental bureaucracy is destined to become of continually greater importance.

The value of the industrial technicians to the proletarian revolution is, obviously, greater than their importance due to their numbers. The technicians, administrative and engineering, are a vital element in the productive process without which the industrial mechanism cannot function. A revolution which is forced to liquidate this element is not going to be a great success, for the breakdown of efficient production will more than counterbalance the gains of the revolution as such. Now while Marx recognized the fact that there was a social distinction between the workers and managers of industry, he did not regard them as separate classes and blamed the differences between them on the divide and rule policy of capitalism. Inasmuch as the technicians, apparently, did not own the means of production, but were themselves employees of capitalism, it did not seem that they would have any reason for objecting to a revolution advocating the expropriation of capital and the liquidation of the bourgeoisie. As for the social distinctions, Marx believed the revolution would eventually abolish them by raising workers to the level of technicians. That, in fact, was one of the more important functions of what Marx called the First Phase of Communism.

As usual, Marx underestimates the importance of non-material factors. The social environment of the technician is undoubtedly petty-bourgeois. Not only because his income enables him to exist at a higher level than the working class but also because he is, in the vast majority of cases, drawn from the ranks of the middle class. The working class, as a whole, does not possess the economic means necessary to provide its offspring with a technical education. (The reader, incidentally, should not be confused by American conditions prior to 1929.) Now what is the effect of an individual's social environment upon his political consciousness? Is it possible for his social environment to produce a political consciousness that will be in contradiction to his apparent material interests? That seems possible for the following reason. It is theoretically correct to say that the interests of the worker and the engineer are identical vis-à-vis the capitalist. But there is still a large difference in degree. It may be that the revolution is a vital necessity for the worker, but it is not a vital necessity for the engineer. The latter is already leading a fairly comfortable existence. The revolution has not got very much to offer him. The engineer who begins to think of revolution, moreover, must balance this small economic interest against his social interest. Will the engineer be willing to rise up and liquidate his relatives and friends for the sake of a revolution that is of no vital importance to him in any case? The answer, in the vast majority of cases, is "No."

But there is another consideration, this one from a materialist viewpoint. The definition of a bourgeois as someone who owns the means of production is much too narrow. A bourgeois would better be defined as someone who has a material interest in the maintenance of private property. The distinguishing characteristic of modern capitalism over that of the nineteenth century is the transition of banking from a commercial to an investment institution. The difference between the two forms is that whereas the commercial bank made loans to industry at a fixed rate of interest, the investment bank invests directly in production,

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takes over the functions of ownership and control and earns profit instead of interest. There are many kinds of investment banks and many houses are both commercial and investment institutions. But all have the same characteristic of partaking directly in the ownership and control of production.

Now the important thing to note is that ownership by investment institutions is indirect ownership. Only a small part of the capital invested by the banker is his personal property. The rest is acquired through bond flotations and bank deposits. Who provides these deposits? They are provided by individuals, such as technicians, whose income is sufficiently large to enable them to accumulate a bank deposit. (Insurance policies and private homes must also be considered as capitalist property.) It is true that the interest earned on this bank deposit is not very large, but would the technician be willing to support a revolution which would expropriate his savings? No. Even the skilled worker in such a country as the United States would find it hard to support such a program.

Thus the modern structure of monopoly capitalism is not the structure which Marx had envisaged. The control of industry has indeed been concentrated, but only the control. The proportion of the population which has capital investments in industry is just as great as it ever was.

WHAT are the conclusions? The modern middle class consists of the following four sections: (1) the remnants of the small producers; (2) the stock- and bond-holders; (3) the intelligentsia, comprising the technicians and professionals; and (4) the state bureaucracy. The writer is willing to admit for the sake of argument that the first section is doomed to disappear regardless of whether capitalism advances or declines. The second and third sections, however, depend upon the general development of capitalism. If this general development is upward, these sections will grow; if the development is downward, they too will decline. The fourth section, however, is destined to grow. The reason, as stated above, is the rise of militarism and the end of laissez-faire. Let us assume that capitalism is doomed to decline. That means that the first three sections constituting the huge majority of the middle class, will eventually disappear, leaving only the financiers and state bureaucrats standing between the proletariat and the revolution. Well, that would bring the odds much more in favor of the proletariat than they are today. This assumption seems to imply that everything may yet be well for the interests of orthodox socialism providing the proletariat is willing to wait until the decline of capitalism has proceeded sufficiently. But that is just where the trouble begins.

The decline of capitalism and the elimination of the middle class is a long-time process. There are no signs that this process will be consummated within the span of the present generation. And both the writer and Mr. Average Worker refuse to wait that long for the uncertain promises of Marxian logic. We are primarily concerned with our own economic problems and not with those of our descendants. If socialism desires our support it must, at the least, be an immediate practical possibility. It would be silly to spend valuable time and efforts fighting for it otherwise.

Secondly, what does the decline of capitalism really mean? It means nothing more nor less than the destruction of the present level of productive development and the transformation of society into a barbaric community dominated by militarism and wars. Thus while the decline of capitalism may eliminate the middle class, the great danger is that it will also eliminate the industrial proletariat, thereby making a socialist revolution an even greater impossibility than it is today.

Thirdly, have we any final guarantee that after the modern middle class is eliminated a new one will not rise to take its place? Marx's expectation was incorrect in connection with the small producer. Is it not possible that the same expectation will be incorrect again? The ruling class, after all, consists of highly intelligent individuals adequately aware of social tendencies. They realize as clearly as anyone the importance of having a middle class between themselves and the masses, and with this knowledge on their part, they certainly will not stand idly by and watch their strategic position in society growing worse. In blunt words, the maintenance of a middle class is a conscious policy on the part of the upper class. If this does not sound like economic determinism then so much the worse for economic determinism. The fact can easily be verified by consulting conservative sources.

It is evident, therefore, that the plan of waiting for the elimination of the middle class would be disastrous for the proletariat. At the same time no alliance between them is possible on the basis of revolutionary socialism. Either a new type of revolution must be found or hope of all revolution must be abandoned.

A Stillness

There is a stillness I love and have loved long,
Before the glow-worm comes and stars dissolve the dust-blue air;
When from the hushed and dewy leaves breaks the last song
Of the last thrush, and a soft radiance is everywhere.

The stillness falling gently over mind and tree,
The question posed, the answer not yet sleep,
Only the drowsed awareness that we see
More than the eye may take, or any heart may keep.

CARL EDWIN BURKLUND.

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Strong Men in Mexico

By JAMES A. MAGNER

INDULGING in political "futurism," as it is called, or laying the foundations for presidential campaigns in 1940, is being severely discountenanced in Mexico. President Cárdenas has asked that ambitious politicians suppress such activities, in favor of the good of the Revolutionary party and the completion of the Six-Year Plan, particularly in the economic redistribution of the national properties and resources. Nevertheless, it is possible from a safe distance to form some estimate of those who may consider themselves presidential timber.

Following the Revolutionary slogan of "Effective Suffrage, No Re-election," Cárdenas is automatically disqualified from succeeding himself. Strong men in Mexico, however, manifest a reluctance to lose control of affairs upon the expiration of their first term of office; and Cárdenas is the number one strong man in Mexico today. Two years ago, most observers were willing to concede that Cárdenas was personally honest, but hastened to add that he was weak and stupid. There are still some who maintain that view, but most of them are now willing to admit that, whatever else he may be, he is not weak. The neatness with which he put his former boss, General Calles, into motion toward the United States, and his determination in carrying out the Land Reform are proof enough of that.

It is true that in the course of his military and political career, Cárdenas has acquired a number of properties. In no way, however, has he given evidence of the overwhelming greed of Calles, whose whole socialistic program as embodied in the Six-Year Plan fell afoul of his acquisitive instincts. Cárdenas, moreover, while fraternizing with working men and farmers, has avoided all official display, even preferring a private home to the grandeur of Chapultepec Palace. The same disinterestedness is not ascribed to his brother Damaso, who is generally rumored to have acquired an immense fortune and to wield a large side-door power.

Whether the President's official program in the expropriation of properties and the division of landed estates can bear ethical scrutiny seems to open a difference of opinion, as Mr. Hull has pointed out in his note on the oil properties. It must be remembered that the way to the nationalization of Mexican holdings was paved by Carranza, who came into power with the aid of the United States. According to Article 27, of the Constitution of 1917, as approved by this Revolutionary executive, the ownership of lands, waters and all mineral products was declared to be vested in the nation. According to the Six-Year Plan, this article was implemented to permit the expropriation of large estates and their distribution to the peasants. The Revolutionary and even the Liberal governments of Mexico have never drawn a keen distinction between expropriation and confiscation, and Mr. Cárdenas is simply proceeding along the lines of the historical myth that the Indians—or their ancestors—once held definite title to the properties he is handing over to them. The question of indemnities is one which he prefers not to consider or, at least, not to make commitments on.

Whether he may be accused of stupidity in seizing foreign properties, particularly of the petroleum industry, or in failing to consider the matter of national economy in his agrarian experiments, is another matter. These considerations may be temporarily obscured in his anger against the power of foreign capital and in his dogged desire to see that every man gets a strip of land. This may be his undoing, and the farmers and laborers among whom he has been distributing guns may eventually turn against him. But if he goes down, he can undoubtedly lay a good deal of the blame upon his present advisers.

Principal in this inner circle must be named Francisco Mujica, the Secretary of Communications. A former seminarian but now a bitter enemy of the Church, Mujica has been described as the brain of Cárdenas. In a general sense of the word, at least, he is a Communist, and from his office the principal Communist activities seem to be organized. In all probability, he is the man who determined the expropriation of the oil properties, although some observers are inclined to credit this to his rival for power, Lombardo Toledano. He has taken a leading part also in militarizing the farmers in the agrarian movement, but this has gained him the enmity of the army, both as an affront to its official character and as a slur upon its loyalty. The army is definitely not Communist, nor is Manuel Avila Comacho, the Minister of War, who may assume a postion of greater importance in the future.

The most ostensibly eager man to gain national power in Mexico today is Lombardo Toledano, General Secretary of the CTM or Confederation of Mexican Workers. An educated man in contrast with Cárdenas, who received practically no formal schooling, Toledano has constituted himself the unofficial protector and champion of the President against various sinister powers such as

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capitalism and imperialism. In his indignation against the "reactionary" press of the country, he scheduled a gigantic mass meeting in the capital for August 3. Practically all the nation's periodicals, except *El Nacional,* the government publication, and *El Popular,* his own mouthpiece, were to be denounced and muzzled. Cárdenas, however, failed to cooperate with his defender, and the failure of the demonstration gave proof of a fundamental weakness in the latter's position.

Toledano's militarizing of the CTM has gained him also the suspicion and enmity of the army, while his constant maneuvering to become the President's white-haired boy seems to have placed the Chief Executive somewhat on his guard. The militia was to have given a public demonstration in honor of Toledano on May 1, apparently with the President's approval, but for some unknown reason the Labor leader suddenly departed for Europe. Toledano has been an ardent student of Russian Communism and on past occasions has predicted the sovietization of Mexico, even setting a definite date for the event. Repeated set-backs have caused him to take refuge in regular denunciations of "reactionary elements" in general, and in associating all his critics with Fascism and Imperialism. The international conference of labor leaders which he organized in Mexico City, in early September, gave him an excellent opportunity in this direction.

The political future of Toledano, however, is by no means assured. While he likes to give the impression that he is the President's adviser, the truth seems to be more nearly that he is an instrument or toy, as the occasion lends itself, in the hands of Cárdenas. The conservative and employer classes sincerely hate his threats of a proletarian dictatorship, while many of the laboring classes have become disillusioned with his promises and disgusted with his maneuvers in the militarization of the unions.

Toledano delights particularly in accusing the Confederation of the Middle Class and other "patronal" organizations with having been in league with "Cedillism" and trying to initiate a "counter-revolutionary" movement. General Cedillo, of course, is now clearly out of the picture, and in all probability was pushed out on trumped-up charges of rebellion in league with capitalistic and foreign interests. The ousting of Cedillo from control at San Luis Potosi was principally a party move to learn who was against Cárdenas and to "purge" the PRM accordingly. At the same time it was in line with the present policy of strengthening the Central government as against the power of the several states. There is something ironic in this movement, inasmuch as Mexican civil wars of the nineteenth century were largely around the issues of Federalism versus Centralism, with the latter denounced as reactionary.

THE PRM (Mexican Revolutionary Party), headed by Luis E. Rodriguez, is still the only approved political organization, so that its decrees spell life or death to all aspirants for office or political representation. Rodriguez, formerly an ardent Catholic, an episode which he now regrets as an error of his youth, has been mentioned, particularly in his native state of Guanajuato, as a presidential possibility; but if he succeeds to the office, it will be sheerly an internal arrangement of the bosses without reference to national popularity.

The original idea of the PRM, as the converted PNR (National Revolutionary Party, organized by Calles), was that of a Popular Front, but this underwent considerable modifications. The Communist party as such is not admitted to the organization, although individual Communists may join. In this connection, it may be noted that Trotzkyites are in general disfavor; Toledano and his associates are Stalinists, although more dispassionate Mexicans suspect that the two groups are secretly joined at international headquarters. The CROM (Regional Confederation of Mexican Workers, which holds a position somewhat similar to the AFL in the United States) is likewise excluded from the PRM. Socialists, chamelon politicians, the army, and the organized peasants thus form the National Mexican party, which, if not Communist in character, is certainly Fascist in structure and power, with the CTM hovering about as a protecting auxiliary under Toledano.

Whether individuals or groups inside or outside this sacred circle can open the way to a new orientation is difficult to say. The attempts of General Iturbe and Colonel Sierra to form a "Democratic Front" with the more conservative elements of the army has resulted in their expulsion from the PRM, but this result has by no means put an end to an important new trend of thought. Suspicions have been thrown on General Yucipicio, the governor of Sonora, but he has valiantly striven to clear himself of charges of disloyalty, and apparently his word has been taken by Cárdenas who sees the man's strength and integrity in office. If a change comes, it will probably represent a concerted movement of protest against present economic policies and will consolidate into a struggle along the lines already hinted at.

The political future of Mexico, needless to say, is very much in the balance. The speed with which Cárdenas has proceeded in his program of expropriation and the financial plight of the country have profoundly shaken the confidence even of the authors of the Six-Year Plan; and beneath the external bravado of the government's declarations, there is a feeling of desperation that is responsible for much holding of breath in Mexico. It is interesting to note that, whereas the official policy of the Mexican government and its leftist

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angels is that of union and propaganda in the cause of "Loyalist" Spain, popular sentiment and editorial comment is with Franco. The "Loyalists" are referred to in the newspapers as "Azañists," while the "Rebels" are called "Nationalists." There is a growing feeling also that a beating of the drums against Fascism does not necessarily indicate democracy, and that overrapid proletarian victories may mean the ruin of all.

What Mexico needs today is not merely a strong man, but men of civic compromise, who will be given a voice in public affairs, with an economic and social idealism, but at the same time a respect for human and property rights that are antecedent as well as consequent to revolution.

Once a Road

By LeGARDE S. DOUGHTY

ONCE a road, always a road. No rain, no drouth; not even fire or flood can quite obliterate it. Man made it; only man can take it away. Hold back the plow, and nothing—no act of nature—can do more than obscure it in camouflage; the road remains.

Fifty falls of wind slash obliquely through the pines, giving the shaves that are always too swift to be complete, and the stiff bristles fall, mat, shrink, rot to humus; and nothing human or mechanical touches the road they cover and recover, except now and then the quail-huntsman's boot, and still the road is visible through it all. Not even the growth that greens, browns and shrivels in the packed wheel tracks can ever wholly hide them. Grass, cockle, sumach, fennel, thorn—everything that reduplicates its wild generations over the forgotten ground does its cycles a little differently outside and between the wheel tracks. Perhaps it is because the tracks themselves are harder and more resistant to roots. Anyhow, the tracks are visible even in June, when things stand as high as the wanderer's waist. They are visible in January, when things are brittle, black, beaten and twisted in the scrawl of negation, though visible many times only by the peculiar formation of the overgrowth.

Highways are not very interesting. Hard, straight, one-purpose, mechanical, humdrum—such are highways. One does not think on a highway, unless it be called thinking to hold in mind that one, for example, is en route from Augusta to Waynesboro to purchase 500 bales of cotton; or that one's whole past, present and future are concerned with the great little mission of trucking $500 worth of beer from a vulgar warehouse at Fenwick and Washington Streets through the vulgar fertilizer area sliced by Gwinnett Street to three or four vulgar hamburger crannies in Burke County.

Highways are broad, straight and methodical; and being broad, straight and methodical, are consequently narrow. Roads are narrow, twisted and desultory; and being narrow, twisted and desultory, are consequently broad. One does not think much on a highway, one acts. One does not act much on a road, one thinks.

But for all that, highway ho! One must go to New York, which proves the need of highways. One strikes the pavement, booms like a coast storm over 800 miles, and there is New York thrusting like 10,000 spikes into his viscous Southern languor. But one steps—no, injects himself—into a road, moves half a dozen paces, and goes to Vega, or farther even than that—an endless quarter-inch circuit in the division of the brain that is imagination, ensconced in a pennyweight of skull, yet wider than all space.

Roads, unlike highways, have no orientation. One does not hold to a single physical direction on a road, hence he does not hold to a single mental direction. One could send Colonel Wheeler's daughter with a dozen eggs down the highway to old, arthritic Mrs. Sparr, and be certain of prompt delivery. But if one sent Colonel Wheeler's daughter by the ridge road through the pines, Colonel Wheeler's daughter would surely put down the basket the minute she stepped into those daisy-looking yellow flowers, those yellow eight-to-ten-point stars that fit snugly on her fingernails without crossing the margins, and that are so intensely bright they would almost make Colonel Wheeler's daughter's young blue eyes blink.

You may make wry lips at this sort of thing, whisk the pages on your thumb, and cut in at the political goings-on to discover how some little senator coughed his smug little brain out about the radicalism of the conservative little venture known as the New Deal. You may call this thing poetical, meaning moody. But before you go—there is much in this world besides insulators on a telegraph tower, however imperative insulators on a telegraph tower may be; and the poetical is not the moon-ish, but something very close to the philosophic; and the philosophic, besides being scientific, is the nearest approach we have found to the things that make us exquisitely conscious.

Isn't it foolish, on the other hand, to be too concerned with the little senator's little cough when even all the ink of all the press cannot hold

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it fast against the poorest stir of air that has a way of blowing little coughs along with particles of dust?

Straight, tense cleaving of mind to a single line is proper conduct of mind if one is raising an obelisk to a tory: this is like traveling the highway. But curves, circuits, eddies, digressions of mind are the proper, the inevitable behavior of mind if one is going about the fascinating task of building a point of view: these are like tramping the road. There is no setting the mind to a single end, except the end be wide as life itself; and obviously that presupposes deviations, explorations, circumvolutions, tunnelings and flights.

I DID not go over the ridge to bring anything back; that is, I had no calculated errand, such as a salesman has. If I had had such an errand, I could have brought back a bucket full of half-dollar-size persimmons that did not wait for frost to make them sweet. Georgia persimmons are sweet a good month before frost has whitened North Dakota. As it was, I went merely to walk on the road, the old, abandoned, purposeless, forgotten road I had seen once before and resolved then to explore some day. So the adventure may be called purposeless, if anything is really purposeless; and I came back with many bagatelles—some of which I set down here, some of which no writer yet has had the skill to write.

I had asked Colonel Wheeler about the old road. He has lived seventy-one years in these hills on inherited property; and all he could say was: "Oh, that old wagon track—it winds around somewhere 'r other. It was there before I was born." The colonel was bewildered at my interest in an abandoned road—abandoned long enough to have a pine tree at least forty years old in the middle of it at one point where it edges out into a field.

At any rate, the road twists through the woods about a quarter mile north of my back steps. Near it, for a distance of perhaps a thousand yards, is a ditch completely overgrown with pine, dogwood, mimosa—and jasmine everywhere. It could never have been a creek, on the crest of a ridge. There is no evidence of erosion, as if it had ever been a natural drain ditch; and besides, rain water is too logical to hew out an east-west channel along a virtually level ridge when, too abundant for absorption into the porous land, it could shoot down angular declines north or south. I wonder if anyone before me has believed this ditch is a trench dating back to 1863. We know that many earthworks were thrown up when Sherman threatened the Powder Factory in Augusta. This ridge would have been a splendid place from which to shoot defiance at an advancing army. So I have the plausible notion that the old road once felt the weight of cannon wheels.

At one point where the road curves sharply around a thicket of Carolina cherry, I found a four-foot pit a little to one side; a pit about four feet deep and four across, and round. There was no trace of any tumbled shack around that place. But the pit, definitely, had been made in the uprooting of a pine stump for use as lightwood. The pit bulged with a tremendous snarl of slow-growing jasmine which had broken into its first green sprig surely not less than a half to three-quarters of a century ago. This lightwood could have gone in the common course of priming fires in the hearth of some tenant shack now so wholly disintegrated no crumbly brick edge slanted from the ground; it could have boiled coffee made of okra seed, parched and crushed, for the home guard who waited long nights wondering when Sherman would come up like thunder, and wishing secretly beneath hard words that Sherman would forget to come; who fell asleep with the thought, thick in the throat, that Anne's shoulders even under the pathetic garment cut from a half-rotted table cloth were far sweeter in Augusta than Sherman's blood on this hill; this lightwood could have split into torches for a mob, mobs not being unknown in Richmond County. Perhaps some "my boy Tom," a runaway slave, had swung in the light of that fat pine. One time I saw an advertisement for "my boy Tom" in a newspaper of 1860. The five-line ad in nonpareil almost casually suggested that "Tom" might be stealing his way up to Wilkes County whither his wife had recently been sold. It can easily be imagined that some such forsaken "Tom" became killer in capture—and paid for self-defense in a tall hickory. It could have happened here.

In a little while I came to a house, or to what had been a right important house. Nothing much was left but the brick steps and the stone in front. Surely some fine lady half suffocating in the torture garments of 1890 stepped from her carriage and smiled at the gentleman who came from the porch to take her by the hand, while Moses drove the bay and the roan fifty yards to the rear, unharnessed them, rubbed down their lather, and turned them into the lot.

The old road led me through the 200 acres of the Phinizy place over to its northeastern border. From there I could see Spear's fields, some of the cotton still unpicked, hanging with a light heaviness from the parched, brittle foliage. Spear's farm is a mechanized, modern business. The Phinizy place has not felt a plow point in a long time, perhaps a dozen years. Of course I do not mean the old road in the trees whose age is enough to make it venerable; I mean even the fields have been abandoned for a decade or more. Sassafras and persimmon have sprung through them here and there, and in some places rise to fifteen or twenty feet.

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I twisted through the brush to the margin of Spear's cotton. I thought I was woodsman enough not to be gulled by the broken-wing antics of a mother dove. She half flew, half fell from a young pine about ten paces from my position. I really thought the bird was injured until after trailing her fifty yards along the edge of the trees I resolved she was over-dramatizing her act. I went then to the pine. Even with my shoulder was the flattish nest made of twigs and straw. The two squabs did not mind me at all; they paid no more attention than if my hand had been a fleck of leaf when I touched their beaks. They simply sat still and looked at me curiously out of their bright black eyes. Had they been jays an alarm would have gone up that would have frenzied every adult bird-of-the-feather in a square mile. The mother dove had come back. I heard the peculiar whistling sound of dove wings. She did not trust me; and, being a civilized man, I could not blame her.

Back on the old road I followed it down to where the highway cuts it to an abrupt nothingness, for across the highway is a cultivated field that has broadened and broadened till the woods are back nearly half a mile. I followed the old road back toward my own place, where it comes to its second nothingness at the edge of a field of peas.

FALL would be soon. Then I would walk the old road again, I resolved. It would be less melancholy then. Late summer is the sad season, the season of struggle. Fall is more decision than surrender, placid and beautiful in maturity. . . . But there was a rustling in the weeds. I looked just in time to see a small king snake, the size of a nickel, stretching its elastic jaws around a field mouse the size of a quarter. I watched the bulging outline of the mouse all the way down to the middle of the weird contortions. This was the "survival of the fittest," the thing men have used since Darwin struck the phrase to rationalize inhumanity. These men never think—or never wish to think—that human intelligence is as much an act of nature as serpent instinct is; that "survival of the fittest" between men is no challenge suavely inevitable; that intelligence could so easily be the sane solution rather than the insane aggravation borrowed of the forest. Snake eats mouse—hence man stores and lets man starve. That is the absurd deduction.

This thought was logically consequent upon the death scene in the old road. But it had further inducement, for I was close enough to my field to see Eddie Green, with his ailing toes sticking everywhere out of his shoes, walking home across the western corner of my place, which he would frequently do as a short cut from the store and chewing tobacco to his leaning hut down near the creek. "Eddie Green" is really a misnomer. It puts in your mind a jaunty young fellow with a brief-brimmed hat, angled on the head and upturned all around. But this Eddie Green is an old Negro with lips hanging open as if the word "blub" kept repeating itself out of his mouth under no control at all. Eddie has made a cotton crop, a good cotton crop, for somebody else, every year since he was old enough to talk to a mule. But Eddie has never owned $50 in cash or in property at one time in all his life. He may some day if he lives long enough and if Mr. Roosevelt's purges are more successful in future than in the past. Eddie Green has never bought a real suit of clothes; he has had to be satisfied with coats and breeches that were baggy and threadbare when handed down in payment for some job.

But let me say to my Southern compatriots—especially to the Rotarians—that Eddie Green is a wholesome value to society, that his unit of production is worth more than the unit of some twill maker's district manager who hits a golf ball smartly and sells the wholesaler in the bunker a carload of stuff he does not want. Let me say this to my Southern compatriots, and they will tell me I'm toying with inter-marriage and destruction of white supremacy. As if paying a man justly for his labor were toying with anything but honesty.

Once a road, always a road—winding through its long meditations that add up its wisdom. . . . And at this point I could see my practical cow-lot and my practical cow lying on its belly and chewing its practical cud. There, just beyond, was the sweetgum triumvirate—three enormous trees grown into one, that symbolize Pompey, Caesar and Crassus at the merest glance. And there, just outside the barn door, was the hoe too much at rest for the good of the chrysanthemums around in front that needed cultivation.

But these things were not more practical than the ideals of the old road. Ideals that are not practical are not ideals at all; they are fancies. And there is nothing fanciful about an old road.

But now I came to the back steps sprawled out to meet me in the sand, powder dry from too much late summer sun. And the back steps were both the beginning and the end of this.

Poet

It never was enough
That bird or tree
Impinged upon the startled sight,
Lovely . . . and free!
But mind, being stung to love,
Having stood to see
The loved one naked in the light,
Must turn and flee
For prayer . . . for safety . . . in the hammered word,
Made in the image of the tree or bird.

DAVID MORTON.

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Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

MR. GEORGE SELDES contributes a four-page article to the *New Republic* for November 9 entitled "Catholics and Fascists," a singularly muddled and illogical attempt through innuendo and abuse to convict the Catholic Church of being allied with "Fascism," especially in the United States, an article which is the spearhead of a general attack on the Church which the *New Republic* has been advertising for some time, and which wil take the form of a series of articles by Dr. Leo H. Lehmann, to begin in its issue for November 16, under the title of "The Catholic Church in Politics." According to the latest advertisement: "No one can fail to note the increasing attacks of the Catholic hierarchy on the right of free speech for those in America to whose doctrines it is opposed." Also: "Events in other parts of the world make it essential to consider temperately now the position of the Catholic Church in American democracy." Dr. Lehmann's articles are promised to be "an important contribution to this discussion." It is to be hoped that in trying to justify this announcement their author will not adopt the tactics of Mr. Seldes; but as such tactics seem also to be those adopted by the *New Republic* whenever it deals with the subject of Catholicism, they probably will be followed by the writer of the forthcoming articles.

The tactics consist in employing certain key-words in any discussion concerning the Catholic Church at times ambiguously and at other times quite falsely. "Fascism" and "democracy" are two of these terms. "Fascism" is so loosely employed by Mr. Seldes, and the *New Republic*, and in fact by all the writers and journals of what may be called the "united front" movement in this country, which follows the general line of policy that "united front" movements pursue in other countries, according to which any person, or any group, or any organization which opposes Communism must be a champion, or an ally, of "Fascism." "Democracy," as employed by the exponents of the "united front," similarly means something which includes any person, or group, or organization who or which agrees that Communism—the Communism of Stalin and the Soviet government, anyhow, though not always Trotsky and his anti-Stalin Communism—must be considered to be democratic. Therefore, if these working definitions of "Fascism" and "democracy" are accepted, it is indisputable that the Catholic Church is allied with "Fascism" because unquestionably that Church opposes Communism: of the Lenin type, or the Trotsky type, or any other type that is based on the same anti-God philosophy; and it cannot be denied that the Catholic Church is opposed to "democracy," as defined by the united front protagonists, precisely for the same identical reason that makes it an ally of "Fascism," namely, its opposition to atheistic Communism.

Mr. Seldes has written one of the best popular accounts of the Catholic Church in his "The Vatican—Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow," and as even his *New Republic* article shows, he knows the clue that leads to the truth concerning where the Church stands in relation to Fascism and Communism and the National Socialism of Germany, and, in fact, in relation to all organized forms of government, or of economic or political or philosophical forces. It is a pity that he does not use that clue. As he points out, the "very old and all-embracing explanation of Vatican policy" appears in the Bible and has been restated by many Popes. "In the encyclical, 'Immortale Dei,' is the paragraph: 'Jesus Christ has Himself given command that what is Caesar's is to be rendered to Caesar, and that what is God's is to be rendered to God'; the great Leo XIII pointed out that the Church has never neglected to adapt itself to the genius of nations, and the present Pope, Pius XI, denying that the Church hampers political reforms, repeats in 'Dilectissimi nobis' the policy of the Church, 'accommodating itself to all forms of government and civil institutions provided the rights of God and the Christian conscience are left intact."

But with this clue known to him, and clearly expressed, he does not apply the criterion it provides to the actual application of practical policies by the Vatican, and by the rulers of the Church, the bishops, throughout the world. If he did so it would be quite clear why it is that the Church cannot come to terms with Soviet Russia, and why it could do so with Mussolini, and Hitler. The Church did its best to come to terms even with the Soviet government, as history testifies; but the Soviet government would not grant the indispensable minimum requirements of the Church. Mussolini and Hitler did so. They granted the minimum, not the maximum, and far indeed from even moderately desirable terms; therefore, the Church may and does continue to maintain relations with two types of government which are opposed to the doctrine of the Church fundamentally, as the Church has not hesitated to proclaim, but which so far as least have permitted the Church to exist as a corporate teaching body: teaching the religion of Christ.

As Mr. Seldes's article points out, among individual Catholics, largely so in Europe, less so in this country, yet quite perceptibly, there are differences of opinion and of action concerning the rights and wrongs of the war in Spain; but that is proof merely of the fact that all Catholics do not agree whether or not the essential minimum rights of the Church in Spain were threatened by the success of the united front government. Those who thought those rights to be endangered, support Franco, as I do, as an individual Catholic, and as the vast majority of other Catholics do; those who do not think so, in part oppose Franco, in part still reserve their judgment. But I am not a Fascist because I believe and say that a victory for Franco in Spain would be better for the Church than his defeat and the setting up of an anti-God régime in that country.

Nor is the Catholic Church allied with Fascism because it exerts all the influence it can bring to bear to oppose so monstrous an evil to all mankind as Communism; it tolerates Fascism, because Fascism tolerates the Church, in Italy; it tolerates, to the extent of maintaining rela-

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tions with, National Socialism in Germany, for the same reason. If Fascism and National Socialism go the full length of the logical application of their own principles the Church will oppose them as now it opposes godless communism; and with the same results as followed similar conflicts of the past, namely, the eventual overthrow of the enemy, and the survival and triumph of the Church.

Communications

CANADA

Ottawa, Ontario.

TO the Editors: The article by Francis Flaherty in your November 4 issue entitled "Canada's Uncle Sam," though a very clear analysis of the situation, seems to me to contain a number of minor inexactitudes. In his description of the effect of Mr. Roosevelt's Kingston speech on various sections of Canadian thought, Mr. Flaherty seems to have forgotten two very large groups: the first, and much the larger, those who regarded it as an explicit statement of an implicit necessity; who believe that the U. S. A. must, for strategic and economic reasons, defend Canada against any foreign attack: the second, and rapidly growing group, those who believe that in the event of a major war and danger of attack Canada should immediately secede from the Empire . . . in which case she could hardly hope to avoid union with the United States.

Though it is true that the 1911 election was won on the "no truck nor trade" cry, it is not true that anti-American sentiment is nearly as strong today as it was then. The average Canadian still vaguely dislikes Americans and the United States, but President Roosevelt is very popular in Canada. Moreover, the British government is rapidly declining in popularity. The fact that the British are conscious of this lack of affection for the mother country is shown by the recent revival of the Overseas League, after some years of innocuous desuetude, and especially by the forthcoming visit of their Majesties to this country. And though Canadians to some extent "share a pride in their country's political independence" the lack of national feeling among Canadians, which Mr. Flaherty minimizes, negates the effect of this pride in any major crisis.

It is decidedly untrue to say that Mitchell Hepburn won his election on his anti-CIO platform; he won it because he had no respectable opposition. The Conservative party had no platform of any kind; and Mr. Hepburn's successful "soak-the-rich" crusade for the collection of inheritance taxes, his vague promises of doing something about the separate schools, his magnificent highway program—and a last-minute cut of $5 in automobile license fees, just when people were buying their new license plates—all these contributed far more to his reelection than the stupid business of "keeping the CIO out of Ontario." Besides, under our legislative set-up, there is no way in which Hepburn could keep the CIO out of the provinces. As a matter of fact, several CIO unions are now flourishing in different parts of Ontario.

On the whole, I should say that the reaction in Canada to Mr. Roosevelt's speech was simple acceptance, without much "thought for the morrow."

ROBERT FAY,
Editor, The Social Forum.

Montreal, P. Q.

TO the Editors: My letter of October 14 was a comment on cures for communism, which, like love, laughs at padlocks, rather than an answer to Mr. Scott. I hasten to reply directly to his second letter of October 28. (For the benefit of COMMONWEAL readers I should first state that the Dominion government was petitioned for disallowance of the Padlock Law or its submission to the Supreme Court. The report of the federal Minister of Justice, Mr. Lapointe, while rejecting either course, assumed that the validity of the law would be tested by "the ordinary citizen" in the courts, at the citizen's expense, and that "it would be a preferable course that any question as to the validity of the Padlock Act should be determined in a concrete action, rather than upon the submission to the Supreme Court of Canada of an abstract question."—*Star,* July 7, 1938.)

Mr. Scott says the Padlock Law was a purely domestic ordinance to which it was not becoming for outsiders to object. I answer that citizens of Quebec are also citizens of Canada, that the federal government has fields of action on which the province may not trespass. It is one of the duties of the Minister of Justice at Ottawa to examine and report on all provincial legislation as soon as he receives official copies of it and it is perfectly becoming for him to disallow, or submit to the Supreme Court, any legislation which is deemed ultra vires. If Mr. Scott meant by domestic ordinance that the Padlock Law could not touch any person or property outside Quebec, I reply that the same was true of the Alberta Act which threatened the liberty of the Alberta press—to this extent, that the press (a) in attacking the Aberhart government, would have been obliged to state the source of its information, and (b) obliged to give space for official statements by the government—yet Mr. Lapointe submitted it to the Supreme Court and subsequently disallowed it.

When Mr. Woodsworth, leader of the C.C.F. party, brought up the question of the Quebec law in the House of Commons, Mr. Lapointe said he would give "the most serious consideration" to the question of referring it to the Supreme Court, and a year later he presented a quite lengthy report in which he said that each of the submissions in the petition for disallowance "raises a constitutional question which is not free from difficulty." Mr. Lapointe evidently did not agree with Mr. Scott that the Padlock Act was obviously a domestic ordinance. The petition for disallowance, presented by a delegation of well-known Montreal lawyers, claimed that the act is "a clear and palpable attempt to invade the legislative field of the Dominion Parliament," and that it violates fundamental principles of the Canadian Constitution (freedom of speech, press, and other civil rights). Mr. Lapointe was pleased to doubt. His report is dizzy reading for simple minds. The Canadian Bar Association, in a report on

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the statute laws of 1937, says of the Act: "Law-making of this drastic type is most undesirable . . . as a factor in the development of our jurisprudence. It gives the Attorney General great powers, which he can exercise in the first instance without the slightest judicial restraint, and takes away all the safeguards which even an ordinary criminal enjoys before conviction . . . it might be as well to observe that possibly it is under laws such as this that in other lands the homes of respectable and law-abiding citizens are ransacked simply because their owners do not wear a brown or a black shirt." Gratton O'Leary, editor of the Ottawa *Journal* and a contributor to THE COMMONWEAL, said at a meeting of the Civil Liberties Union in Montreal that no such law could exist in any democratic state in the world today. Any attempt to put such a law on the statute books of England would be laughed off the scene, he believed.

Mr. Scott's second point is that the people of Quebec were "as nearly unanimous as they well could be" in support of the Act. The people of Quebec have not voted on the issue. The Quebec Legislature, with the exception of the solitary Jewish member, passed the law. . . . On moving second reading Mr. Duplessis said, "Some months ago, His Eminence Cardinal Villeneuve invited the Prime Minister to a meeting to study the best means to combat communism. . . . His Eminence asked the Prime Minister and other representatives of constituted authority . . . to suggest a course to be adopted. . . . We joyfully responded to this request . . . the Government does not seek to take unto itself the credit of having shaped this law. It is only seeking to collaborate with the friends of order, with those who wish to preserve our Christian traditions." . . . Following Mr. Duplessis's solemn introduction, associating himself with the Cardinal and praising him at considerable length, his overwhelming majority and the small remnant of liberals (yearning for respectability) rushed to support the Act. Since then, March 24, 1937, it has received official Catholic approbation whenever it has come up for discussion. I admitted in my first letter that probably a majority of Catholics in Quebec, and quite a few Protestants, I may add, would uphold the law. Two questions arise: (1) Is a majority always morally right? History tells. (2) How big is the Quebec minority in this instance? Mr. Lapointe amazed us with his statement that "the numerous protests against the act have come almost exclusively from persons in other provinces unaffected by the law." At least 108 organizations in Quebec including 46 trade unions have protested. The Minister has the names of at least 48 groups, representing thousands of members, in his office files. Mr. Scott will readily believe that the Civil Liberties Union gets little favorable publicity from the two English dailies in Montreal. They support the Duplessis government. In a by-election campaign in Montreal, a prominent labor man who is sponsored by the Liberal party, has as a plank in his program, the abolition of the Padlock Law and two other bills unfavorable to labor. From now on the minority will increase. There is an answer to communists but it is not the Padlock Act.

M. S.

Glace Bay, Nova Scotia.

TO the Editors: There is a loose thread somewhere in W. L. Scott's letter in the issue of October 28. The last paragraph is a strange blending of the constitutional with the political. It is true that disallowance of the Padlock Law by the federal government (not Lapointe) would have aroused the ire of the Quebec citizenry. But it is news to me at least that this would have been directly contrary to constitutional precedents as Mr. Scott says. This power of the veto is very rarely exercised, but it is exercised, e. g., the disallowance of some of the social credit measures almost as soon as they were proclaimed by the Alberta Legislature. The British North America Act (Canada's Constitution as such) specifically reserves this power to the federal government, namely to disallow summarily any provincial law without assigning any reason therefor, and without going to the courts.

ANTHONY TRABOULSEE.

LAYMAN TO LAYMEN

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Implicit in and inferable from John M. Loughran's article, "Layman to Laymen," in your issue of October 28, are the following conclusions:

(1) If non-communists do not become active in the cause for peace and democracy the communists will be the only leaders of the movement.

(2) Communists are the most active people today in the cause for peace and democracy.

(3) Since the communists are the most active people today in the cause for peace and democracy, and since Catholics don't want communism, Catholics should become active and take the lead away from the communists.

Questions: Do not the above conclusions derivable from Dr. Loughran's article prove that we should be thankful to the communists for stimulating and provoking us into activity for the defense of peace and democracy; and, will it not be said in the future that the great contribution of the communists in the third decade of the twentieth century was the stimulation into activity of a goodly number of people in the cause of peace and democracy?

MICHAEL WOOLF.

Editor's Note: A capital difference between the conclusions drawn by Mr. Woolf and Mr. Loughran seems to us clearly embodied in "(2)." Mr. Loughran wrote: ". . . These causes do not represent the real purposes of communists." And besides the question of motive, there are the objective results to be expected from following out the communist program. Mr. Loughran did not suggest that the results would likely be "peace and democracy." The editors feel that everybody should certainly be thankful to the communists in so far as they stimulate activity for the defense of peace and democracy. As to what will be said in the future about the contribution of the communists in this decade, it would be a consummation devoutly to be wished if it turned out to be simply that they stimulated such activity, but we fear now that holding such a supposition would be an indulgence in wishful thinking.

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Points & Lines

Public Utilities

IN ITS November 10 issue *Public Utilities Fortnightly* was able to report:

> While the stock market as a whole has advanced sharply since the "war scare" ending September 26, utilities outdistanced industrial stocks as reflected by the Dow-Jones averages: Industrials: Sept. 26, 129.91; Oct. 21, 152.15; % Increase, 17; and Utilities: Sept. 26, 17.42; Oct. 21, 23.53; % Increase, 35.

The health of utility securities has been traced to increasing evidence of government-management cooperation, the "preparedness" program of the administration, the possibility of a Republican recovery in the elections, signs of general business recovery, the negative attitude of cities and power districts toward government utility projects, the ability of the capital market to absorb bond issues, and to the simple fact that time is passing, thus decreasing the shock of New Deal utility policy. During October, the most important single development was probably the activity of the management of Electric Bond and Share, specifically, Chairman Groesbeck's announcement to his stockholders and his visit to the White House. *Public Utilities Fortnightly* says:

> The utility gain was directly traceable to the announcement by Chairman Groesbeck of Electric Bond and Share Corporation that the company would file a plan of integration under Section 11 of the Public Utility Act by December 1. Chairman Douglas of the SEC hailed the announcement as "easily one of the most constructive steps taken by the industry since the passage of the act." President Roosevelt in his press conference also declared that the action of Electric Bond and Share was proof that the so-called "death sentence" is in reality a "health sentence." . . . Mr. Groesbeck's announcement to stockholders at the annual meeting indicated that the Electric Bond and Share system, now consisting of four major companies, will be divided into three large physical systems, each of which will be interconnected with the others by high-tension transmission lines.

The complication of changing over from widely spread holding company systems to physical units as demanded by the law was illustrated recently by a deal made by Cities Service, one of the most intricate utility corporations. *Time* tells:

> Last August Cities Service began negotiating to sell its Michigan subsidiary to equally sprawling Commonwealth & Southern Corporation, which services 60 percent of Michigan (and some ten other states). Last week, providing SEC and the Michigan Public Utilities Commission approve, the deal was closed for $3,200,000 in cash. This first case of two holding companies transferring an operating subsidiary has a threefold significance: (1) Cities Service is withdrawing slowly but thoroughly from the public utility field; (2) Commonwealth & Southern is rebuilding its system in the North precisely according to SEC demands; (3) two of the country's largest holding companies have decided there is no longer any use fighting the New Deal's utility reform.

After Mr. Groesbeck's conference with the President, the New York *Times* reports that he said:

> The "rapprochement between the utility industry and government" had passed the theoretical stage and presaged an era of cooperation and understanding which should make for solution of the industry's problems.

The "national defense" utility construction plan is written up sceptically in most periodicals. *Business Week* says:

> The public utilities have tossed $350,000,000 into the kitty for national defense, by agreeing to begin spending that sum for generating facilities, and they're willing to add upward of half a billion more if the government will stop kicking the companies around. . . . For one thing, utilities in the Northwest had hoped that this program would be accompanied by some assurance that Bonneville Dam juice will not be used to drive the private companies out of business. . . . They might go ahead a little more confidently if David Lilienthal would make Wendell L. Willkie an acceptable bid for Commonwealth & Southern' electric properties in the Tennessee Valley area. . . . The industry is awaiting the election results with the greatest interest. After the 1936 Roosevelt landslide, his truce with the companies was withdrawn. . . . The utilities can't borrow from the public to build if they are at odds with Washington, and they won't be able to countenance borrowing from the RFC under such circumstances, no matter how low the interest rate. . . . So far the talk has been of an expansion of 1,000,000 kw. hr. of generating capacity, which is much less than the expansion which would have taken place in any event, and, alternatively, of a gigantic two billion dollar two-year program. No way of financing the latter has yet been suggested. A certain degree of scepticism can hardly be avoided for the present.

The *Times* report of the Groesbeck White House visit also took up the problem of getting capital:

> There had been virtually no market for equity securities of utility companies and most of the securities floated since passage of the Utility Holding Company Act were for purposes of refinancing, Mr. Groesbeck explained. He remarked in this connection that the market for equity securities was "beginning to look up," since the cooperation of the industry with the federal government had been given wide appreciation.

Several days later, Jesse H. Jones of the RFC gave a press interview in which he took up the financing problem:

> Mr. Jones added that most of the utilities which might want loans could get them from private banking interests, but that there were some which would have difficulty meeting their requirements in that manner. These, he said, were the ones with which the RFC was ready to talk.

The New York *Herald Tribune* treats the utility situation in a general article under the headline, "New Deal Puts Oil on Stormy Election Seas":

> The conference with utility executives on the war-defense expansion program was vaguely reminiscent of an olive branch extended to the utility industry on September 30, 1936, at the White House. That was just a month before an election. Power executives and industrialists talked amiably with the President and his aides over a plan for power pooling. It was never heard from again.

Writing of the same plan, T. R. B. of the *New Republic* registers scepticism from a different angle:

> As explained by administration advisers, it is predicated on acceptance by the utility systems of the anti-holding company law. . . . It is an engineering fact that there is now a near-shortage of generating capacity in the Eastern States, due partly to the late timidity of private capital. The administration, accordingly, proposes to lend the companies a billion dollars, to which they are supposed to add two billions more. With these sums, generating centers, not only within systems but between systems, will be

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> hooked together in a great national grid. . . . Obervers point out, however, that most of the big systems have not yet explained how they mean to comply with the anti-holding company law, and that it is probable a period of tough-minded negotiations lies ahead. . . . Again, according to repeated hints in financial publications, system executives are supposed to have told the administration that they would not expand distributing facilities without guarantees against government competition, particularly in the shape of PWA loans to municipalities and power districts. According to the same sources, the administration is ready to give such assurances to "good" companies. To some observers, this sounds like a wilful abandonment of the administration's "yardstick" weapon against high consumer rates. . . . It may be that, by December, the administration will have forgotten about the present war emergency.

Municipally owned power distribution has not been spreading with revolutionary speed under the egis of PWA and other federal authorities. In the midst of recent get-togethers, the PWA did surprise the utilities by offering to loan Chattanooga the money to build a municipal electric system unless Commonwealth & Southern quickly sold its local system. But *Public Utilities* relays the information:

> According to a study prepared by Earl Sandmeyer of the New York *Herald Tribune*, only one municipality of 5,000 population or over since last April has definitely authorized construction of publicly owned power plants or distribution systems where PWA loans and grants were involved. Knoxville and Memphis have voted to buy existing private facilities, but this involved financing by the cities themselves. Cities which have defeated power proposals involving PWA money include some 28 municipalities in 15 states, principally in the South and Middle West.

This fall the problem of yardsticks and public ownership gathers in the far West, where the Bonneville power plant is being finished. *Barron's* reports:

> Bonneville power plant on the Columbia River should be able eventually to retail it at rates ranging from 2½ cents a kilowatt-hour down to ½ cent, according to Administrator Ross. Next week more than a dozen districts in the Pacific Northwest will vote on establishing power districts. Rates outlined by Mr. Ross are lower than those set up by the TVA several years ago, and substantially below existing rates of private companies in the Bonneville territory. They are not set up as mandatory, but "as a mark for public bodies to shoot at."

Public power policy on the financial side was recently questioned fundamentally by the Twentieth Century Fund. Criticizing the "discrimination in favor of debt in our present government policies," the Committee on Debt Adjustment called for a program of reform whereby "federal and state governments and regulatory agencies" should strive to discourage debt financing rather than encourage it—as they do now through income tax policy, regulation of utility rates and control of local government debts."

The Strength of the Russian Bear

EVER since the trial and execution of Marshal M. N. Tukhachevsky in May and June of 1937, persistent rumors of the weakness of the U.S.S.R. have been publicized in the press. These rumors have largely been based (a) on a vague "report" of a French military mission to Moscow which is alleged to have precipitated the Tukhachevsky purge and (b) reports on the inadequacy of the Russian matériel supplied to the Loyalists in Spain. It has further been alleged in a number of books on the subject which have appeared in the last year or so that the Soviet standard of living is very low. Arnold Lunn summarized these findings in an article published some weeks ago in the London *Catholic Herald:*

> The unemployed in England and the United States are better fed than the higher paid workers in Russia. . . . "Capitalists treat dogs better than the Soviet government treats the workers."

The Munich settlement, which entirely disregarded Russia as a factor in European affairs, lent color to similar and stronger rumors. In a recent number of *America,* the Reverend John LaFarge, S.J., recently returned from Europe, sums up this point of view:

> How abnormal, really, is the relationship of Russia with the rest of Europe, particularly with the very nations who in fond desperation allied themselves with the Soviets, appeared when the blunt question was popped by France asking whether Russia, if put to the test, would fight for Czechoslovakia, and the reply came back that Russia could do no fighting for anyone or any ally until they had "finished Bolshevizing the army," finished the eternal round of shooting their own generals, of "purifying" even the "purifiers."

In a dispatch to the New York *Times,* Harold Denny indicates that grave shortages exist. He is discussing the absence of stock on the shelves of Moscow's largest department store:

> The supply of many essential goods or articles in great demand is woefully insufficient in the store, but, according to *Pravda*, the most influential Soviet paper, gross favoritism and embezzlement are rife. . . . These charges throw some light on the continuance of speculation, which always springs up whenever there is an acute shortage of any much-needed article.

On November 6, Premier Molotoff, in the presence of many colleagues and of Joseph Stalin, belligerently answered all such rumors:

> The Premier cited the heroism of the Red army in last summer's fighting in the Far East as proof of the Soviet's military invincibility and declared belligerently:
>
> "If anyone doubts our strength, let him try us. We will answer every blow by an aggressor, whether in the east or the west, with double and triple blows. . . . The answer we gave at Lake Khasan made the situation clear. Nothing is left to the Germans but to slander the effectiveness of our army and our aviation as has been done by such spies as Lindbergh. . . . We have plenty of bread and ample reserves" [Harold Denny in the New York *Times*].

Similarly bombastic declarations on the military side have appeared in the American Communist press, largely based upon editorials from *Pravda.* They repeat the same blunt affirmations: The U.S.S.R. is "ready to answer the war mongers blow for blow!"

Yet most of the press which is not Stalinist seems agreed that Russia is, at least at the moment, impotent, however much or little this agreement may signify. Thus the London *Tablet,* in discussing this mysterious subject, says:

> As for Russia, it is one of the great mysteries of the day what exactly are the weaknesses now paralyzing the Soviet, but of the fact of its extreme military and consequent diplomatic weakness there is no question. It is not merely that the Soviet was unable to influence things at Munich or before, but that in matters much nearer to the Russian frontier, like the ultimate fate of Ruthenia, they are the one people whom there is a general agreement not to con-

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sult or invoke. The Soviet seems equally paralyzed in the Far East. . . .

Time reports:

> One good reason why Russia showed little enthusiasm for the Czechoslovak cause a fortnight ago was that her two top-rank military heads, Defense Commissar Kliment E. Voroshilov and Vice Commissar of Defense Lev Zakharovich Mekhlis, were not even in Moscow. They were over 3,000 miles away keeping a personal watch on the purge's progress in Siberia. [A reference to the latest, Far Eastern army purge.]

Le Voltigeur emphasizes the hearsay nature of all the talk about Russia's coolness in the Czech crisis. This Paris paper is a bi-monthly associated with the *Esprit* group.

> In government corridors, in editorial offices there is talk of a "dossier Bonnet." He is accused of having . . . allowed the false rumor to spread that Russia was luke-warm. They cite the false news from Riga published . . . in *Le Jour* . . . : "Soviet political circles have received with relief the acceptance of the Anglo-French plan by Prague, because the Kremlin . . . thoroughly realized that war would have been very little popular with the masses which could scarcely understand the importance to the U.S.S.R. of maintaining the status quo in Central Europe." We learn that a denial of these assertions by Litvinoff, published in England, did not reach France.

Said the *Weekly Review*, successor to *G. K.'s Weekly*:

> In the course of last week Lord Winterton told the country an important truth. In the crisis of the "hold-up" at the end of September when the government of Berlin held a pistol at the head of the Western and civilized powers, Moscow shirked. That was one principal cause of our own tragic surrender at Munich. . . . We have suffered a fearful blow; but the now certain decline of Moscow's influence may in the long run be worth the price that has been paid.

One of the most persistent rumors, "in the air" for some months, but now appearing in print as well, is to the effect that time may effect an alliance between Russia and Germany. The following are a few sample opinions on the subject. The first is translated from an editorial by H. A. Jules-Bois in *Amérique* (New York). He is quoting from a speech made in Boston by Raymond Leslie Buell of the Foreign Policy Association:

> "Now," he said, "that Russia is isolated, she could very well come to terms with Germany and settle as both nations thought best the Danubian question. Then, working together, the two former adversaries, become partners, could with irresistible force turn to the west and take in one mouthful the civilizations still flourishing there."
>
> Let us remember that however much they insult each other, these two empires have studiously maintained their commercial treaty which is profitable to both and that since the recent crisis Hitler's tone toward the Soviets has been strangely sweet.

> It has often been asked whether there is a possibility of the two forces, Nazism and Communism, finally uniting. The real question now seems to be whether they are already united. People in Germany answer this question by asking: where are the many who were leading Communists in Germany before the present régime? The answer invariably is: they are all in the Nazi government [an anonymous author in *America*].

> Many believe that the Ukraine is marked a "next" on the Third Reich's program for expansion. . . . There are alternative solutions: a "deal" between Germany and Russia, or separation of the Ukraine from Russia. The first is a remote possibility: a Russo-German alliance has been a diplomatic bogey in Franco-British calculations for many a year [*Christian Science Monitor*].

The Stage & Screen

Danton's Death

GEORG BUCHNER'S "Danton's Death" was originally given in New York by Max Reinhardt's German company at the Century Theatre a decade or so ago. Herr Reinhardt made of it one of his colossal spectacles, and as most of the public which saw it didn't understand the words they found it very fine indeed. Now the Mercury Theatre gives it in an English version as its first offering of the season—and we do understand the words. Some of them, at least those spoken by Vladimir Sokoloff as Robespierre, we could have wished we hadn't understood, for we have never visualized the Incorruptible as a Jewish comedian. In fact except for Mr. Welles himself as St. Just, none of the leading actors seemed happily chosen, certainly not Martin Gabel as Danton. It was undoubtedly most generous of Mr. Welles to give Mr. Gabel a part just made to order for Mr. Welles, but it did not help the production. Neither in voice nor in manner did Mr. Gabel project the personality of the Titan of the Revolution. A play like "Danton's Death" requires fine speaking voices and dominating personalities, and only Mr. Welles of the Mercury's players possesses the synthesis required. But if the acting could be bettered, the rest of the production showed the genius of Orson Welles at its most characteristic.

Against a cyclorama of human heads Mr. Welles projects the players and the action. Except for a few props, and a sort of elevator in the center of the stage which is by turns the tribune, the tumbril and the guillotine, there is no scenery, the effects being obtained by lighting alone. But what lighting! Never in the history of the New York stage have lights been so supremely used. Not even in his Negro "Macbeth" has Mr. Welles equalled the imaginative power with which he paints his scenes from the pallette of his electric switchboard. At these moments Mr. Welles is unapproachable. There are those who have found fault with Buchner's play. It is episodic and there are moments when its German mysticism is confused, but it is none the less a drama informed with a poetic spirit projected by a powerful if slightly disordered intelligence. "Danton's Death" was written more than a century ago, but there is in it nothing dated. Buchner writes of the French Revolution in strangely modern terms and in the separate scenes in strangely modern technique. It is simply impossible to believe that the man was born in 1813 and died in 1837. Mr. Welles has done well to bring his drama back to the stage, and to give it for its psychical, internal values rather than as a gigantic spectacle. Had he chosen players able to project these values I am confident that "Danton's Death" would have ranked in excitement with his "Julius Caesar." Mr. Welles's own contribution is superb. If only he had played Danton himself, to a Robespierre who didn't look like a Jack-in-the-Box and speak like a Jewish comedian of the gay nineties! (At the Mercury Theatre.) GRENVILLE VERNON.

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Of Men and Mice

WILL ROGERS was *not* one of my favorites. And I did *not* believe "They threw away the mold after he was born." Anyway, in "The Arkansas Traveler," Bob Burns steps into the Rogers shoes and they fit well. This picture, dedicated to William Allen White and to those city men who look with longing to the small town, is filled with earthy and homely epigrams about town and country and general conditions. Bob Burns is a hobo (not everyone can be one: "Hoboes are like senators; you got to belong"). He conquers his restless feet long enough to take Fay Bainter's country newspaper out of the red, unite her daughter, Jean Parker, with the mayor's son, John Beal, build a radio station, drive away the town's crooked politicians and get Johnnie elected mayor. Throughout the wholesome and frequently humorous story, Bob Burns with dry and casual cleverness delivers the kind of remarks that made Will Rogers lovable and famous.

A high-spirited group of youngsters act out the little story about the Virginia Military Institute cadets who call each other "Brother Rat." The movie, minus some of the incidental smut of the stage play, has added good background shots from the military school itself. No one person is emphasized—unless it's Eddie Albert, who brings to the part of the addled cadet-pitcher, about to become a father, the same charm and naïveté that he exhibited in his appearance as the author in the stage version of "Room Service." Priscilla Lane, Wayne Morris, Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman are the other Brother Rats and their local girls who go in and out of their amusing difficulties.

Old time theatre-goers will be delighted to see Minnie Dupree in her first film. She is unaffected and gracious as the sweet, elderly lady who loves and makes over four balmy parasites because they are "The Young in Heart." It is too bad that the excellent cast collected for this pleasing picture didn't have better material to make a first-rate comedy. Roland Young called "Sahib," Billie Burke called "Marmy," and Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, and Janet Gaynor, their children, are the four fortune hunters who learn about true love and honesty from Miss Dupree. Paulette Goddard and Richard Carlson help the lady's good work by pairing-off with the brother and sister. The acting is good, and occasionally the humor soars—but somehow the whole thing is a bit thin and certainly not a worthy product for this talented group.

"Men with Wings" is dedicated to those men whose "sweat, blood and unselfish dreams" made flying what it is today. If a little more sweat had been devoted to the plot, this cavalcade of the air might have been the monument that was intended. William A. Wellman's direction, an unusual collection of old planes and thrilling scene after scene of stunt flying with dives, crashes and fires—all in good Technicolor—do not save this picture from being extremely dull whenever it concentrates on its story about three petty people. And the acting of Fred MacMurray, Ray Milland and Louise Campbell is not such as to bring life to the poorly conceived rôles. Only in disconnected shots of flying does "Men with Wings" attain the beauty and breathlessness of its opening scenes. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Day

Economics for Democracy

Roads to a New America, by David Cushman Coyle. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.75.

ALMOST all the economic problems of any significance that have troubled the present administration in Washington during the past six years are subjected to careful analysis by the author. The questions that he raises and attempts to answer can be resolved into three major categories: (1) Can democracy and individual liberty be preserved? (2) Can the so-called capitalistic system be maintained? (3) What steps should be taken to ensure prosperity and security to the people of the United States?

Mr. Coyle is not convinced that democracy must give way to one of the many isms dominating Europe today. He does feel, however, that with the development of technology and of more and more complex economic relationships, democracy and individual liberty can be maintained only if the powers of the national government are strengthened. If citizens are sufficiently alert and informed, however, they can afford a strong central government—they cannot, in fact, afford a weak one.

The capitalistic system can be preserved, but only if big business is eliminated, or where elimination is economically undesirable, brought under public control. The encouragement of free capitalism (which, to him, is synonomous with competitive small-scale business) is to be effected through discriminatory taxation, anti-monopoly laws, the freeing of the capital markets and, if necessary, direct loans by government to small business men.

In his analysis of the business cycle, Mr. Coyle adopts a combination of the "excessive debt," "over-saving" and "under-consumption" theories that have been advanced by various economists. In his suggestions for eliminating the causes of periodic business fluctuations, he follows John Maynard Keynes in England and Professor Alvin Hansen of Harvard University in this country. His analysis rests on several assumptions. The rate of increase in investment opportunities decreases as a country matures economically. At the same time, improvements in the standard of living of individuals lag behind increases in income, and this lag is greater, the higher the income level. Finally, inequality in the distribution of wealth and income breeds even greater inequality, and so the tendency of living standards to lag behind rising incomes is aggravated. Consequently, as incomes increase, larger and larger percentages of them are saved rather than expended on consumption of goods and services. With the rate of increase of investment opportunities declining and the rate of saving for investment increasing, the economy has been faced periodically with an excess of the former over the latter. The result has been periodic business depressions, which are becoming ever more serious.

That economic phenomenon called the business cycle can, therefore, be checked only by a redistribution of income—a transferal, that is, from those whose "propensity to consume" is relatively small to those who are likely to expend a major part of their income for consumption. In addition, financial security against the hazards of illness, unemployment and a destitute old age, must be guaranteed by government in order to encourage spending and to discourage saving.

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The reader may disagree with Mr. Coyle's contention that pump-priming through public works should be placed on a permanent basis. He may disagree with the entire body of Mr. Coyle's economic philosophy. He will, nevertheless, find the book pleasingly provocative. Mr. Coyle is never boring. EDWARD S. LYNCH.

BIOGRAPHY

The World I Saw, by Theodore Maynard. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company. $3.00.

AS THE small son of zealous missionary parents, Mr. Maynard steadfastly refused to be converted. Later on, however, the desired change occurred, only to lead inevitably toward a Catholic Church those same parents could not comprehend. That is the essence of the first part of his autobiography, just as the tale of literary development is the kernel of the second part. Both make good yarns, for Maynard, always a tireless adventurer whose rainbows have never petered out in the rain that sometimes drenched his skin, has seen a good deal of the modern world. I don't believe he ever refers to himself as having been a pilgrim, and yet it is pilgrimage his book primarily suggests—a great deal of wandering from one land to another, from one service to another, from one literary idea to another, yet never aimless and always directed toward an ending fashioned of vision and nobility. There is truculence aplenty too, though this autobiography is mellower than one might have expected. Contrary to what is often believed, Maynard has really not gone about with a chip on his shoulder. He has merely retained, without quite knowing it, a "Plymouth Brethren" conscience, unable to resist setting the world aright on minor matters of importance.

The story of childhood in India, training in a dreadful boys' school in England, and early religious adventure makes up one of the most interesting records of conversion written in a long while. It is very humanly felt and told, with an almost shy reverence for doctrine and piety. I don't know where else it is chronicled that after the hard work of confession, priest and neophyte went off together for a glass of whisky. Probably they both needed it. But it would also be difficult to find elsewhere a more delicately reticent description of dawning awareness of the Catholic universe. And in addition there is a really fine gallery of sketches portraying worthy Protestant divines. Even with Maynard left out, this part of the book would be a valuable memoir on the history of religion in modern England.

Perhaps the second part will interest primarily those who know the author's work and enjoy his comment on its production. There is, of course, a good deal about other people, notably the *New Witness* group in London, with that great man but unspeakably incompetent editor, G. K. C., at their head, and the MacDowell colonists, with Robinson's spectacles peering from their midst. But though it is all engrossing, it really doesn't explain how the poet, with irresistible fidelity to his muse, found his way to those fine lyrics of his maturity, the quality of which no other Catholic poet writing in this country has surpassed. But perhaps that cannot be explained. It remains to add that there is no poorer sociologist living than Theodore Maynard. But the fact that he would repudiate that criticism with vehemence and write still another sociological chapter merely goes to prove that he is what his book makes him out to be—a troubadour with a passion for the redemption of the world. THOMAS E. PERCY.

This Was a Poet, by George Frisbie Whicher. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.

A VALUABLE addition to the constantly growing body of critical comment on Emily Dickinson, major poet of America and native of Amherst all her life, is this new book by Professor Whicher of Amherst College. The author's grandfather was a graduate of Amherst, a member of the same fraternity to which Emily's brother belonged; hence a specialized interest in and knowledge of the poet and the Amherst of her day is to be expected in Whicher. This data explains likewise the lengthy commentary on mid-nineteenth century Amherst, its Puritanism, schools, the college; and the apologia for Mt. Holyoke which Emily attended for a short time. Parts two and four of this "critical" biography directly deal with Emily and her work; parts one and three with her setting in time and place. Hence a book of over three hundred pages might have gained by exemplifying the compression which was fundamental in Emily Dickinson's own work. Every editor will approve her dictum: "The capacity to terminate is a specific grace." Emily appears rarely in the first seventy pages and more; Emily the poet not until page 115. These sections are interesting in themselves and undoubtedly New Englanders will not object. But all this for the purpose of explaining one whom the entire book clearly shows as too individual to be completely elucidated by mean of heredity or environment.

The biographer attempts to settle definitively the debated questions regarding the poet's tragic romance. Each reader will decide for himself whether Mr. Whicher does or does not, later on, unconsciously disprove a great deal of the earlier elaborate argument; whether he has not fallen into the fault which he notes in others, and has admirably phrased, that of mistaking "the desire to bring order out of chaos for the desire to arrive at truth."

The chapter, "Society in Solitude," explaining and minimizing the poet's strange seclusion, is charming though Emily's own word is, after all, the ultimate one on this as on most things else: "It isolates one anywhere to think beyond a certain point."

A chapter on Emerson is inevitable, considering the author's article of some years ago, "Uriel in Amherst." A carefully built up thesis proving his influence in one chapter suffers from counter-evidence in later ones. The author says: "More than any of her contemporaries Emily Dickinson preserved toward nature the attitude of the artist rather than that of the philosopher"—un-Emersonian surely! The chapter on the poems "on the leaf at love turned back," opens with a quotation from Higginson, through which the author draws an emphatic contrast between Emerson and Emily in treating "the great lyric theme of love." Yet under the captions "nature" and "love" falls most of her work. The pages dealing with form and diction are exceedingly valuable, though the chapter ends surprisingly, "In poetry as in life her characteristic triumphs consisted in fulfilling patterns not in breaking them"—a fine curtain-sentence for a chapter, but is it true? Of Emily the recluse, regarded by her contemporaries as an oddity almost to the point of insanity? Of Emily the poet, whose way in verse the chapter itself proves unique? These comments are not intended as carping criticism; rather they indicate with what care and appreciation and interest any lover of Emily Dickinson will read and weigh the latest, and most careful, study of perhaps the one woman of whom it can be said without qualification, "This Was a Poet." SISTER ROSE MARIE.

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Immortal Memory: The Real Robert Burns, by John Lindsey. New York: Liveright Publishing Corporation. $3.00.

IN THE true sense of the phrase, the poems and songs of Robert Burns were conceived as the result of a "spontaneous overflow of powerful emotions" recollected, however, not in tranquillity but rather in the arduous work of plowing and in the hectic atmosphere of a Scotch tavern. Knowing that he had an innate gift for the apt phrase and the telling rhyme, Burns could not do otherwise than express his thoughts on mice and men in the homely language of the Lowlands. Writing poetry was for him the most natural thing in the world. Burns, however, did much more than glorify the folk literature of his native Scotland; he gave a new and more vital expression to the commonplace incidents of life and he made articulate the simple, tender emotions of man.

"Others he helped, himself he could not help." This remark sums up the tragic and short-lived life of the "Ploughshare Poet." In retelling the well-known facts of Burns's life, Mr. Lindsey adds little or nothing to the knowledge already obtainable. Burns's meteoric rise to fame among the quasi-intellectuals of Edinburgh, who regarded him as a kind of nine days' wonder, his adventures as gauger in the Excise service and his heartrending attempts to till the soil at Mauchline, Mossgiel and Ellisland are all narrated in a readable manner. However, when Mr. Lindsey accentuates his portrait of Burns as the tender, though inconsistent, lover, he dismisses, too glibly, the ill-fated poet's promiscuity. Burns himself, prior to his premature death at the age of thirty-seven, had many occasions to regret his indiscretions. After the Edinburgh disillusionment, he began to appreciate the depth and sincerity of Jean Armour's love, which turned out to be one of the most stabilizing influences in his life. The Robert Burns who ranted in the taverns and consorted with fair-weather friends knew, only too well, the intrinsic value of home life. The "Cotter's Saturday Night" will remain for all time as a heartfelt tribute to home and hearth. The real Robert Burns was not the man with the pathetic Byronnic gestures, not the composer of bawdy verses but the inspired poet of "To a Mountain Daisy" and "To Mary in Heaven." The man who described the haunted kirk of "Tam-O-Shanter" and penned the lilting lines of "Sweet Afton" and "My Love Is Like a Red, Red Rose" was a great deal nearer the real Burns than the ill-advised philanderer whom Mr. Lindsey has sedulously painted in glowing terms.

Paradoxically, Robert Burns was the unfortunate victim of his own magnanimity. Having lived his short life at white-heat intensity, he died an embittered and disillusioned man, dogged by the specter of poverty and privation. And his death was made all the more poignant as, life having deepened within him, he knew that he had more poetry in his soul.

In his highly fictionalized biography of Burns, Mr. Lindsey has written a readable, if not altogether convincing, account of Scotland's great peasant poet. The book contains many lengthy quotations from Burns's poetry and correspondence and is happily supplemented by a short bibliography and index. It remains to be said, further, that the best portrait of Robert Burns, as man and as poet, is still to be found in the beautiful and imperishable lines of his poems. And as Burns dealt instinctively with the fundamental stuff of human nature, his poems will live "till all the seas gang dry." EDWARD J. CLARKE.

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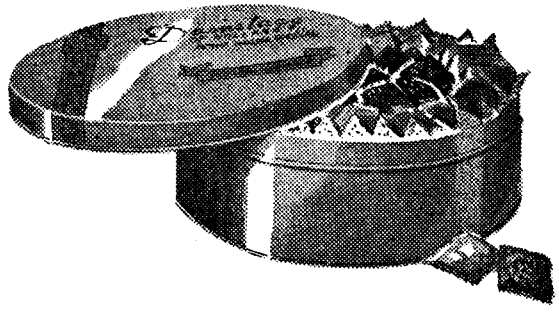

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Farewell the Banner, by Frances Winwar. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.50.

MRS. WINWAR'S book deals with the emotional difficulties and occasionally with the literary production of Coleridge from his birth until his farewell to poetry, "Dejection: An Ode," published in 1802 on the wedding day of his friend Wordsworth. The chief episodes are the marriage to Sarah Fricker, arranged by Southey who played on Coleridge's interest in the aspheteric" community on the banks of the Susquehanna, and Coleridge's later connection with William and Dorothy Wordsworth. The author is clearly very sympathetic with Coleridge. Southey's conduct she considers criminal. Wordsworth, who is fully sketched, is, however, the chief villain. Coleridge, according to this version, aroused him from the remorseful stupor that followed his desertion of Annette Vallon and inspired in him the verse of his great period. In return for worship and inspiration, Wordsworth, by his egotistical failure to appreciate Coleridge's greatness, destroyed the self-confidence of Coleridge and killed the poet in him. The immediate cause of "Dejection: An Ode" was Wordsworth's shabby treatment of Coleridge's poetry while the second edition of "Lyrical Ballads" was being prepared.

Although some of the observations, particularly the remarks on "Dejection: An Ode," will interest students of literature, the book is obviously not intended for students but for that apparently numerous class of readers who can interest themselves in literary matters only when they are presented in a lively fiction-like fashion with perhaps a hint of some Freudian problems lurking in the background. Such a method eliminates all possibility of critical presentation of the material. Conjecture and known fact must be woven together into a fabric half historical and half a product of the author's imagination. The inner life of Wordsworth, for example, during the period covered is largely a matter of conjecture. His long poetical autobiography, "The Prelude," probed as it has been by commentaries, still has not given up the secret of much that he felt and thought during the dark years between his second journey to France and "Lyrical Ballads." No account of Wordsworth during this period can have at once the sure flow of fiction and the cautious regard for truth one demands of literary biography.

The author's lack of interest in purely intellectual matters combines with this desire to be vivid and helps turn the book into fiction. Behind the whole treatment of Wordsworth and Coleridge lies an unstated conviction that men's theories are unimportant, mere attempts to escape from unpleasant situations into dreamland. Such an attitude is unfortunate in one who is treating even the early life of a man who was at least as much a thinker as a poet. After 1802, Coleridge affected the course of Anglican theological speculation. He helped introduce England and America to German thought. He wrote the best literary criticism of his period. A life devoted to these studies is represented as the living death of a man who had lost his one talent. Such treatment, no doubt, gives a dramatic unity to that part of Coleridge's life which the author handles in detail, but it is a unity obtained at the expense of presenting only a part of the early Coleridge and by misrepresenting the later Coleridge. Except, perhaps, as fiction, the book will necessarily disappoint those who do not agree with the author's notion that theology, philosophy and criticism do not matter.

CHARLES DONAHUE.

Toulouse-Lautrec, by Gerstle Mack. Illustrated. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5.00.

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC never had the body of a man. When he was barely fourteen he broke both legs and became a dwarf. His arms too shrivelled up. Thus twisted and shortened, he was not fit for a gentleman-rider in the tradition of his family. The young aristocrat turned instead to art. After due training he rented a studio in Montmartre and began to work.

It is here that Mr. Mack's biography presents its greatest interest. For he gives a thorough and gripping description of that lurid and beautiful quarter of late nineteenth-century Paris. It is as if he fastened, in the manner of Lautrec, alternate passages of deadly green and incandescent red on his canvas. For Lautrec the rest was decline. Soon the brave little fellow, weakened by over-indulgence brought on by physical weaknesses and a repulsive appearance, was consigned to a sanatorium. Released, he soon lapsed again, and died at the age of thirty-seven.

This is the story and Mr. Mack tells it well. Indeed, his is the best book on Toulouse-Lautrec in English. It does not pretend, of course, to a systematic evaluation that would make it as definitive critically as it is biographically. But it is as complete on the life, and particularly the milieu, as anything yet done on this handicapped but courageous prober of Parisian night-life. Mr. Mack has given us a good successor to his "Cézanne" of some three years ago.

JEROME MELLQUIST.

CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL PROBLEMS

I Believe in Education, by Edward A. Fitzpatrick. New York: Sheed and Ward. $2.50.

Were We Guinea Pigs?, by the Class of 1938, *University High School, Ohio State University. New York: Henry Holt and Company.* $2.00.

BECAUSE Dr. Fitzpatrick's educational creed has long been a force in both secular and Catholic school affairs, this book in which he states his personal beliefs about education will find many interested readers. Drawn from a rich and varied experience his educational philosophy rests on Christian teachings and tradition but includes much that is new and progressive in educational thought.

Unfortunately this book does not contribute much either to the author's own position as a brilliant leader among schoolmen or to contemporary educational literature. It is a rather rambling discussion of a great many topics almost any one of which we should like to see Mr. Fitzpatrick treat at greater length and with more of his usual forcefulness.

Another book which is being rather widely read by those who are concerned with educational programs and philosophies is "Were We Guinea Pigs?" This book, written by the fifty-five girls and boys who graduated from the progressive high school of the Ohio State University last June, is entertaining and exceedingly informative. The ideas and opinions of the pupils who are subjects in educational experiments make an important but frequently neglectful commentary on procedures they have gone through.

These boys and girls are enthusiastic supporters of the progressive system and, if we judge them by the book they have written, they have come through their six years of progressive education with some good results. They are interested in a great variety of important matters, and they have learned how to work together, how to plan a large project such as this book, and how to carry out their plans.

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But as is so often the case in educational experiments of this sort, no general conclusions can be drawn from this class, for the boys and girls in it are in no sense typical of the high school population. Only one in every five of them came from a family with an annual income of less than $4,000; 88 percent of their fathers attended college; 80 percent of them came from families that own their homes; most of the pupils were above the average in intelligence; their teachers were better trained than the average high school teachers; and they had better library facilities both at home and at school than the average high school pupil has. Furthermore, it is evident that these pupils were highly suggestible. They make one statement after another which sounds as though it came direct from the lips of an education professor, even to the forced use of such words as "area," "contact" and "skill," which educationists use with deadly repetition today. That progressive methods appear to be quite atisfactory in this school has no general significance one way or the other. RUTH BYRNS.

The Happy Family, by John Levy and Ruth Monroe. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75.

PSYCHIATRISTS like Dr. Levy, the principal author of this book, occupy an office analogous to that of confessors. Claiming superior wisdom, they profess to be able to solve conflicts, relieve patients of feelings of inferiority, reduce anxiety states and develop poise. In short, psychiatrists claim for themselves ability to substitute in personal relationships peace for war, cooperation for competition and adult feelings for infantilisms.

A Christian psychiatrist must be a singular creature. Necessarily he must be equipped with two completely different vocabularies, corresponding to two completely disparate conceptions of human nature. At the same time he is expected to deal with only a single body of facts. There is nothing factual in the pathology of the human soul which is unknown to the Christian and religious consciousness as such. Only an ignoramus could be of opinion that Freud had to be born in order that the profound depths and heights and the dynamism of sex should have been apprehended in principle and in countless details. Moral and pastoral theologians long before modern times gained understanding of the ambiguity, dexterity and originality of that master of virtuosi—the sexual imagination. Its most devious products have been presented for centuries in standard treatises of moral theology. Moreover can anyone suppose that the Christian or religious consciousness has known naught of adolescent crises, postmarital disillusionment, the fact and psychology of infidelity, the dark and morbid perversions of life, to say nothing of the problems occasioned by economic or social circumstances? It is not in respect of knowledge about the "facts of life" that Christian qua Christian and psychiatrist qua psychiatrist differ but in the views of life they respectively employ in construing and valuing these facts.

The present study illustrates the foregoing remarks. Proceeding with the correct notion that divorce marks a definitive failure of the couple who resort to it as a remedy for marital disagreement the authors have written what they sincerely judge to be a helpful book on the "how to be happy though married" theme. Though the intrinsic importance of sexual adjustment according to the authors, has been overemphasized in modern times this book is itself largely concerned with the sexual side of life. The child and sexual education, the other woman, and sex satisfaction are typical topics. There is also discussion but in a

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NEXT WEEK

There is probably no novelist who has written more beautiful prose than the late EDITH WHARTON. Agnes Repplier, brilliant essayist, pays tribute to the technical perfection of Mrs. Wharton's works but feels that the world lost a great writer when she chose to desert the short story form, a field in which she had conquered, for novel writing. She created in her novels backgrounds of almost incredible reality but peopled most of her stories with characters so unreal as to be almost ghosts.

Kemal Ataturk, fanatically possessed by faith in Occidental civilization, attempted to impose on a reluctant Turkey in less than two decades a development which took Europe centuries to evolve. Everything Oriental has been ruthlessly annihilated. How much of the new Turkey will survive without the tremendous driving energy of the dictator? C. O. Cleveland gives us a first-hand picture of Ataturk and his methods in KEMAL THE VICTORIOUS.

Much has been written about "Maple Sugar Time" in New England. In a charming sketch entitled HOW TO MAKE MOLASSES, the Rev. Leo R. Ward tells us of molasses time in the sorghum country.

Daunted by the display of Nazi strength in the Sudeten crisis, Europe will be slow to go to war with Hitler, thinks an English priest, the Rev. Edward Quinn. He believes the eventual overthrow of National Socialism lies with the German people themselves and will be accomplished only by spiritual resistance. This opinion he interestingly sets forth in NAZISM, AND SPIRITUAL RESISTANCE.

The metaphor, "Mystical Body of Christ," implies a great reality—the union with God of mankind which we realized when Christ died on the Cross to redeem all men. The Rev. Wm. R. O'Connor deprecates the tendency of some writers to exclude from the term all but members of the Church Militant in the state of grace. Christ said, "And other sheep I have, that are not of this fold" and Father O'Connor holds that all mankind, being held together in the bond of Christ's blood, are at least potentially members of THE MYSTICAL BODY OF CHRIST.

minor key of work and money with reference to the home and of non-sexual difficulties which commonly occur in respect of children. Divorce is not challenged in principle; contraceptive practises are affirmatively approved; fears of "pregnancy, syphilis and sins" are asserted to be fears of "powerful legends"; man is by nature irrational; "the grave danger of most extramarital relationships.... is that we take them too seriously"—such are the characteristic attitudes of the authors.

The difference between the Christian and psychiatric points of view is easy to grasp. The aim of the psychiatrist is to teach his patients that anything making conjugal and domestic relations "satisfying and enjoyable" is valid. The aim of the Christian in the same sphere is to find what conduct will facilitate the evolution of men and women in a direction such that they will grow more and more nearly to be identified with a supernatural ideal of human character. Whatever makes one Christlike is good. What fails in this respect is bad. The former kind of action is valued positively, the latter negatively. Hedonism is the controlling standard of the psychiatrist. Moral heroism is the ultimate operational standard of the Christian. This explains also why the psychiatrist as such must stress as pivotal and ultimate the proposition that from knowledge and understanding one can derive enjoyment and satisfaction whereas for the Christian final emphasis must be given to will exercise eventuating in moral maturity.

From a purely naturalistic standpoint the present book has considerable merit. To the authors and to naturalists this must be the only significant judgment which can be made about the book. To a Christian the book in important respects is a failure because it is based on principles definitively false and life-rejecting. JAMES N. VAUGHAN.

There's No Place Like Home, by James Lee Ellenwood. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

AFTER all, Mr. Ellenwood admonishes us, a home is physically a place to live in, socially a place to have fun in, and intellectually and morally a place to improve in. Otherwise it might just as well move off the street.

The family of this embattled father consists of grandma, his wife and four children—three growing girls and a boy. The age-range for the entire group is from seventy-one to eleven. Drawing all his numerous examples from the members of his own family, Mr. Ellenwood devotes sixteen chapters to a practical, common-sense treatment of a great variety of family conflicts—finances, dictatorship of parents, morals, manners, religion, sex, education and vocation, relations with the neighbors. He likewise offers the valuable suggestions that desirable qualities may grow out of sensible family adjustments, that the fixing of wholesome attitudes regarding the main problems of life should not be relegated to outsiders, that parents should be more realistic and less sentimental in their consideration of every-day situations, and that the home really needs a bit of practical analysis rather than another poem in its honor.

In his chapter on "Religion in the Home," Mr. Ellenwood, executive secretary of the New York State Y.M.C.A., asserts that he seldom goes to church as a duty. He likes to go and confesses that he is always helped by it. According to his presentation, however, religion in the home would seem to be an extra-curricular activity rather than the supreme dynamic of individual and social action. The illustrations by Dorothea Warren are excellent.

JOHN J. O'CONNOR.

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The Inner Forum

IT IS not generally realized how rapidly the Church's efforts to instruct working men on sound trade unionism and Christian social teachings are growing in various parts of this country. There are at least three Catholic labor schools in New York alone—at the Woolworth Building branch of Fordham University, at Manhattan College and at St. Mark's parish in Harlem. In Brooklyn there is the Crown Heights School for Catholic Workingmen, while St. John's University has a special School of Social Action whose free classes every weekday evening include several labor courses.

In Chicago there are five such labor schools, one connected with Holy Name Cathedral, three with local parish churches and one at the *Catholic Worker* headquarters, 868 Blue Island Avenue. They are all staffed by priests especially trained by the archdiocese for this type of work. Classes are held on Monday evenings and are devoted to a history of labor and its problems, the social doctrines of the Church as expressed in the encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI, and parliamentary procedure for use in union meetings. From the student's point of view these schools sound ideal, for there are no fees, tests or examinations.

At the A.C.T.U. workers' school at Fordham the instruction provided by priests and laymen, teachers and professional men, is somewhat similar. Courses include: general economics, parliamentary procedure and trade union practise, the Church and labor problems, and a history of the labor movement. Collective bargaining is taken up in the course on labor law and labor relations. These courses indicate quite accurately the scope of these new schools, designed to bring the social doctrines of the Church to factory and market place. So far this fall the Fordham school has enrolled 90 workers from 32 different unions.

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